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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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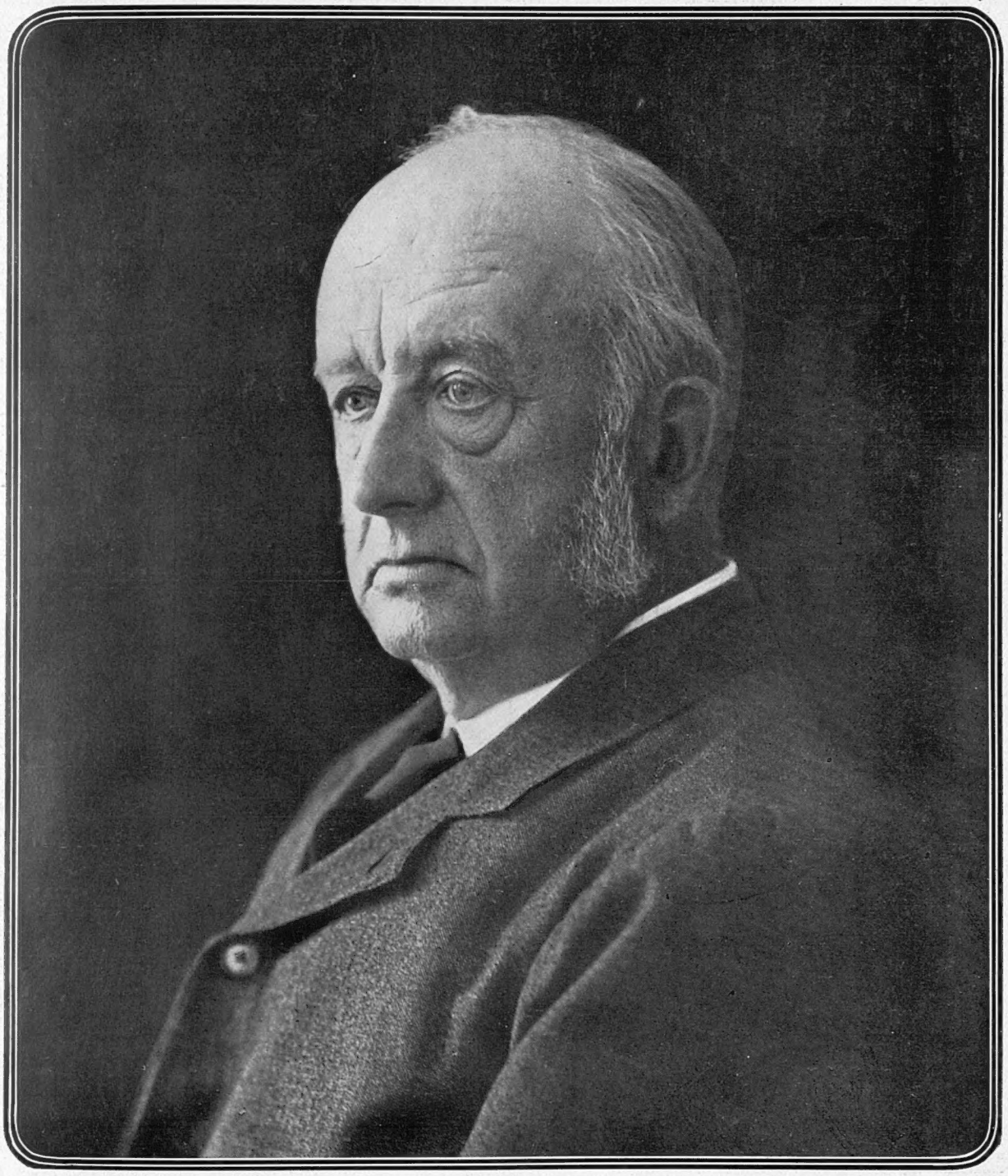

Photograph *Reginald Silk*

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The latest portrait of Lord Alverstone, who tried the Crippen case

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The World's Pageant

Prince Francis of Teck

THE burial of Prince Francis of Teck takes place, with full military honours, at Windsor to-day. His Serene Highness will be laid in the Royal Vault at St. George's Chapel by the side of the late Duke of Teck and the warm-hearted mother to whom Prince Francis was so intensely devoted. The nation's heartfelt sympathy goes out to the Queen. Family affection is almost a fetich with the Teck family, and the death of the Queen's handsome and popular brother is a public as well as a private loss. Like his brother before him, the Prince of late years (he was only forty) found in philanthropic work the necessary outlet for his warm and sympathetic nature. His military career came to an end with the South African war, in which he distinguished himself for gallantry as well as for a perfect *camaraderie*, and since then, a business career having been vetoed by King Edward, the Prince has devoted all the time that could be spared from the social round, of which he was a shining light, to the help and comfort of those less happily placed than himself.

The Late King Chulalongkorn of Siam

The King of Siam, who died last week at Bangkok, was a very enlightened native ruler. He visited nearly every civilised country. To England he came twice—in 1897 and 1907

The Queen-Dowager

Accompanied by the Norwegian Royal family, Queen Alexandra is expected back in England from Denmark this week. Her Majesty may, on her arrival in London, spend a few days at York House, St. James's Palace, which has been prepared for her; but most of the winter will be spent at Sandringham, to which Queen Alexandra is devoted, and which the late King left her as dower house.

Tragedy

Nothing in this world is so resilient, so phœnix-like, as the spirit and the mind of youth. And it is fortunate that it is so. For Tragedy, naked and unashamed, stalked abroad last week when young Dom Manuel of Portugal, forlorn, burdened with a weight beyond his years, silent and sad, his face colourless, and gone from his step and bearing all that charm and jauntiness and delightful boyishness that, only a year ago at Windsor, enraptured all who saw it, sought, as his forefathers—Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Phillippe—also sought, shelter in friendly England. But a moment's consideration discovers a glimpse of silver lining behind even this heavy cloud.

A Chance

It may not be for always that Portugal can do without a King. Dom Manoel may soon realise that now in reality, now at last he has *his chance*. He has never had one yet, and Lisbon, with the shadow of regicide and deep discontent heavy upon it, was no good forcing-ground for those wider kingly virtues which distinguished, for instance, King Edward. In the saner, healthier, more invigorating air of our happier country the young King may, if he wills, throw off all those evils, of environment, even of heredity, which, in his own country, were nothing short of insurmountable.

The Exiles at Wood Norton: The Marquis de Soveral (formerly Portuguese Minister to England) pointing out the Beauties of English Scenery to Queen Amelia, the Exiled Mother of the King of Portugal

THE VETO CONFERENCE

A SPECULATION AND SOME FACTS

(By Our Political Correspondent)

I do not, like some contemporaries, pretend to know the unknowable, and have, therefore, nothing emphatic to offer readers as to what has happened to the Veto Conference. I suppose, however, that THE BYSTANDER has the right to guess, so here goes for an attempt of my own.

I believe, Most Excellent Reader, that the Conference has broken up, really or nearly. I believe that the reason for this is not that the best men on both sides find it impossible to arrive at an agreement, but because certain men (not the best men) *outside* the Conference don't want the best men inside to come to that agreement. Among the latter, there may be one man on one side or the other who is just a shade less "best" than the others. A man, say (I mention no names), who doesn't *want* that great epoch-making, non-party Imperial settlement of which Mr. Garvin dreams weekly in the *Observer*, a man who, patriotically enough, no doubt, believes it to be better that the straight party fight should go on as before. This man is, possibly, rather strongly under the influence of those others (who also shall be nameless) who are outside. At their behest, he has been influenced to "screw up" his leader to demand more from the other side than they have been able to grant? He has screwed himself up to making that demand an ultimatum? If rejected he will—well, do really dreadful things? His tremulous leader has, as often before, given way, and who is to say he has not again?

How many previous occasions are there not on which the tail has wagged the dog, or, to vary the metaphor, on which the birthright has been sold for a mess of pottage? One remembers certain historic nights in the House when there have been sudden and mysterious climbs-down, when both Liberal and Tory statesmen have pronounced with their own tongues words not their own.

I may be ludicrously wrong in my "speculation" that what has happened in the House has now happened in the Conference chamber. But may I not be ludicrously wrong once in a way, for a change? Being always right is bad for one. It induces smugness. But I *may* also be right over this, and my reason for thinking that I am is to be found in Jeremiah xiii., 23:

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

As to which is the Ethiopian among the Eight, I leave the reader to deduce from the photographs which the Editor, in accordance with my suggestion, has kindly placed on this page. (The leopard we will leave; he prowls in the jungle without.)

To come from speculation down to mere facts, the Conference, which was to have met on Saturday week last, to everybody's surprise, didn't. Instead, however, a no doubt equally, if not more, portentous Conference took place between Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George. On the following Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered an address at the City Temple. Reminded by the Rev. R. J. Campbell that the occasion was non-political, Mr. George omitted from his forcible discourse those epithets which one looks for in references to the "idle rich." If, however, the adjectives lacked it, the statistics had the full Limehouse flavour. The numbers of "idle rich" were as staggering as the profits of the Duke of Westminster. And the meaning of the speech (City Temple or no City Temple) was plain enough.

Following Mr. George on the wickedness of wealth came Mr. Balfour on the weakness of the Navy. The subjects were treated politely in both cases, but they were essentially the same subjects as those that preceded the Election of last year. Each speaker has opened his mouth and shown his electioneering teeth.

I have offered my speculations. These are facts. The reader may, therefore, draw his conclusions!

Photo Elliott and Fry
Mr. Asquith

Photo Haines
Lord Crewe

Photo Thomson
Mr. Lloyd George

Photo Haines
Mr. Birrell

THE VETO CONFERENCE: HAS IT BROKEN UP?
And if so, who has done most of the smashing? Study carefully the faces on both sides and form your own opinion

Photo Grahame Ellerby
Mr. Balfour

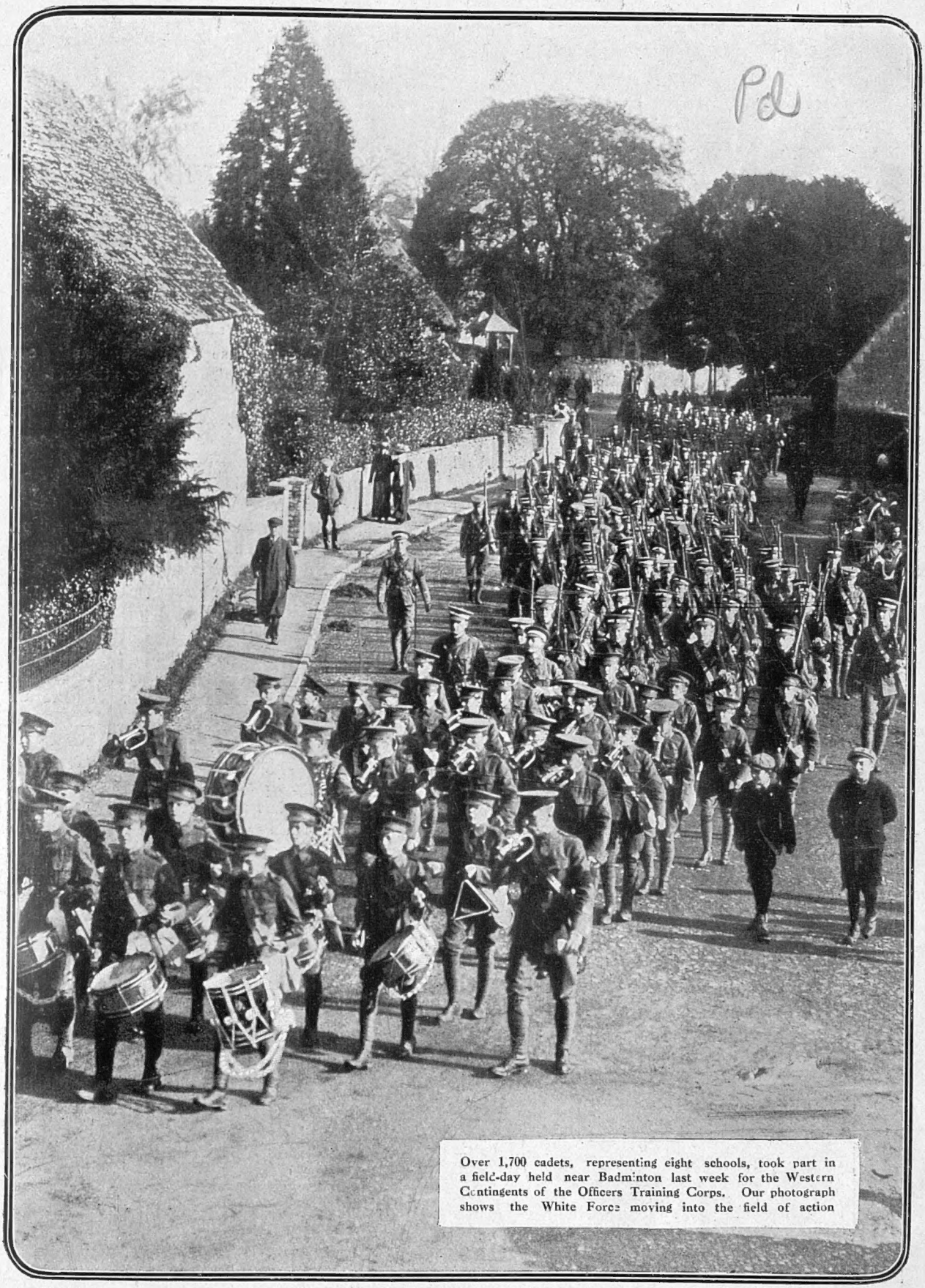
Photo Mills
Lord Lansdowne

Photo Russell
Mr. Austen Chamberlain

Photo Haines
Lord Cawdor

The Boys of the Young Brigade

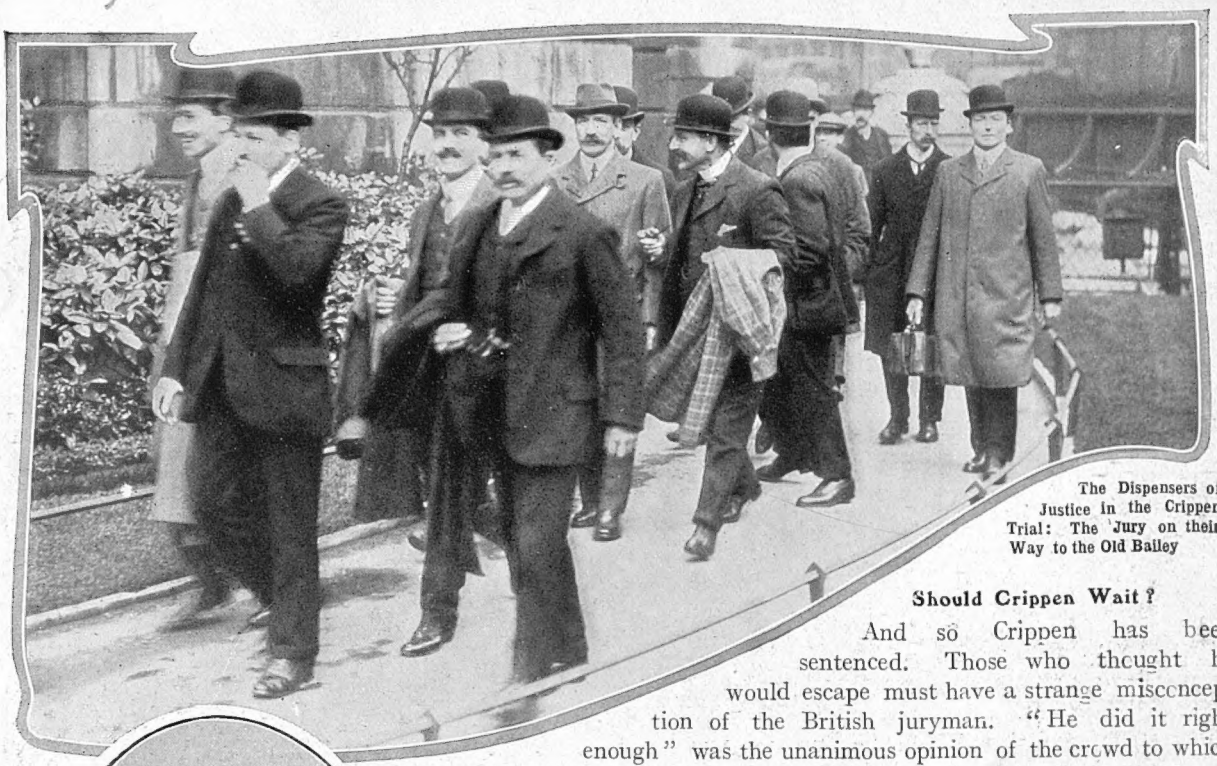
THE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS MANŒUVRING IN THE WEST



Over 1,700 cadets, representing eight schools, took part in a field-day held near Badminton last week for the Western Contingents of the Officers Training Corps. Our photograph shows the White Force moving into the field of action

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE WHITE FORCE PASSING THROUGH ACTON TURVILLE



The Dispensers of Justice in the Crippen Trial: The Jury on their Way to the Old Bailey

Should Crippen Wait?

And so Crippen has been sentenced. Those who thought he would escape must have a strange misconception of the British juryman. "He did it right enough" was the unanimous opinion of the crowd to which he belongs, and all the nice legal technicalities in the world could not obscure the plain facts—the man's motive, his capacity to commit the crime, and the lies and tricks by which he sought to cover up the traces. If there has been a certain amount of sneaking hope for his escape, it has been because of the cleverness of the criminal himself, and because of the apparent character of the victim, towards whom little enough sympathy can be felt. And now the man is to be kept alive for more weeks to "make his peace with his Maker." Crippen and religious consolation do not sound harmonic. Regret he will feel that his schemes went agley, but he is much more likely to go to his death complacently calm than repentant of a crime which has given his name so conspicuous a place in criminal annals. If there are cases where "time for repentance" should rightly be allowed, those are cases for reprieve. For if the man is one whose guilt is of the kind that can be followed by genuine spiritual repentance, he is one whom the State has no right to hang at all. If Crippen is a type of criminal degenerate who justifies capital punishment, then he should be executed as soon after sentence as is mechanically possible.

Dr. Crippen, Sentenced to Death for the Murder and Mutilation of his Wife

The Crowd Outside the Old Bailey during the Crippen Trial: What is the Occasion of their Unseemly Merriment?

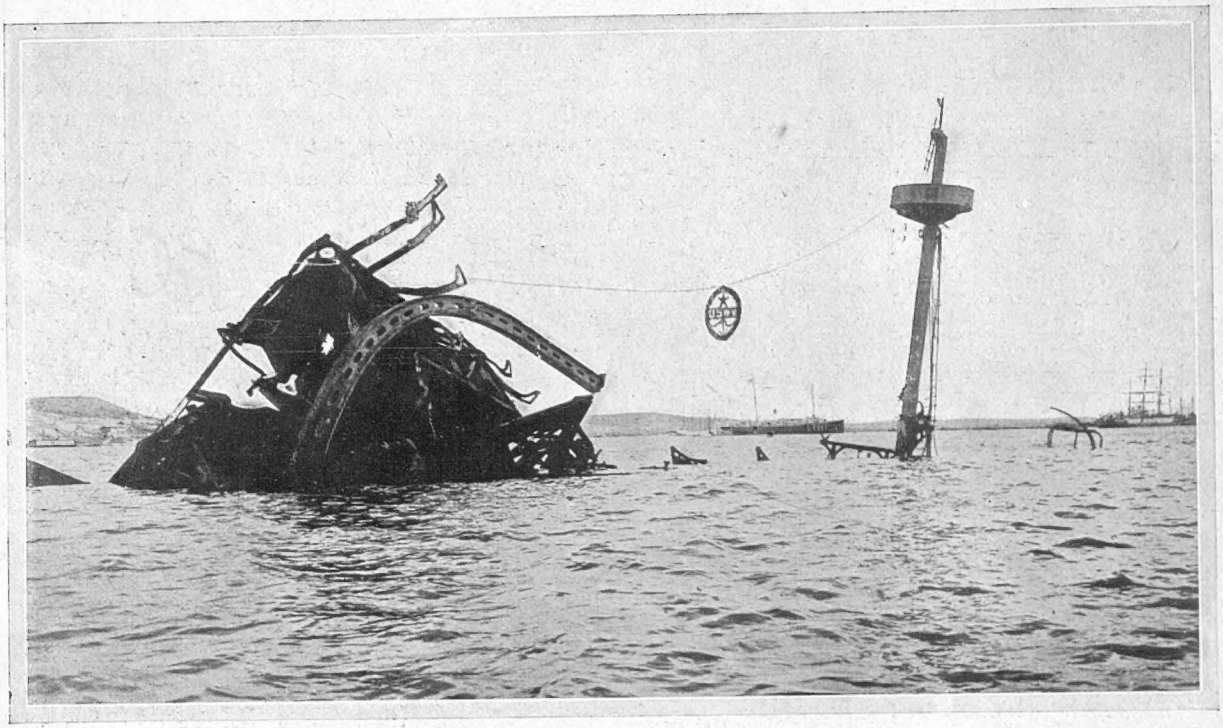
The public interest, apparently, was only whettened by the earlier proceedings, and every day enormous crowds gathered outside the Old Bailey while the trial was in progress, though, oddly enough, on the Saturday, when sentence was pronounced, the thoroughfare was comparatively deserted. Football, no doubt, was the explanation

Cut Off in His Prime

THE LATE PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK, WHOSE DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE HAS AROUSED UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY

Photograph *Lafayette*

The late Prince was only forty years of age. He was the second son of the late Duke of Teck, and brother to the Queen. The passion of his life was work, and after a most successful career in the Army he engaged himself in a number of pursuits, mostly philanthropic, the latest of which was to raise, by Herculean exertions, £20,000 for the Middlesex Hospital



Raising a Wreck to Raise a Question! A Photograph of Unique Interest

This interesting photograph (which reaches us from Havana) shows the raising of the famous warship *Maine*, the blowing up of which in Havana Harbour directly led to the Spanish-American war. President Taft, who has initiated the raising of the ship, believes that it will thereby be possible to settle definitely whether the explosion took place inside or outside the battleship. Upon this will largely depend the question of who was guilty of the act of which the Spaniards have hitherto been more or less openly accused

A Constellation of the Early 'Nineties

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is as entertaining, everyone knows, off the stage as on—a perfect boon to hostesses! And that latest meteor, Sir John Simon, the new Solicitor-General, whose M.P.-ship is to be decided by the Walthamstowites next Tuesday, bears a name that should take top place on every self-respecting dinner list, for he has not only a seemingly inexhaustible stock of quite unwhiskered stories, but practises to perfection, and in his own inimitably quiet way, the fascinatingly dangerous art of mimicry. He belongs, by the way, to that Oxford Union constellation of the early 'nineties, which also includes Mr. F. E. Smith, Mr. Hemmerde, Mr. Belloc, and Lord Beauchamp.

Fashions in Husbands

I hear that the prospectus will shortly be issued of the newly formed Incorporated Corps of Aristocratic Aeronauts, Ltd. This prompt and striking move on the part of a body of men whom it is the fashion of the ignorant to describe as Irresolute and Effete, is a dramatic answer to the latest development in the matrimonial market, by which the supply of future peeresses is seriously threatened. Only a week or two ago the coroneted citadels of Mayfair were shaken to their foundations by the news of the engagement of Miss Marie Löhr—not, be it marked, to a marquis, or an earl, or even a paltry baron—but to —well, to just an "airman"! Some little comfort was to be found in the fact that he was an actor as well, and that the unfortunate incident might, therefore, have been partly traceable to the accident of propinquity.

Señor Braga, President of the Portuguese Republic, on Board the Cruiser, "Dom Carlos"

A grand naval fête is being organised for the 30th inst., when the *Dom Carlos* will be renamed *Amiral Candido dos Reis*, after the late leader of the Revolution

Chased Successfully

But the *fiançailles* of Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Graham White puts the matter beyond a doubt. *Aristocrats is orf and "airmen" is on!* To the general public, however, the shock of the news will be slightly tempered by the consideration that the space hitherto devoted by the newspapers to Miss Chase's weekly (alleged) engagement will now be available, if necessary, for the inclusion of little matters, such as changes of dynasty or the policy of an Empire.

Lastly, the "Old-Fashioned" Dancer

A QUAINT SUCCESSOR TO SALOME, CLASSICAL, APACHE, AND RUSSIAN CONVOLUTIONS

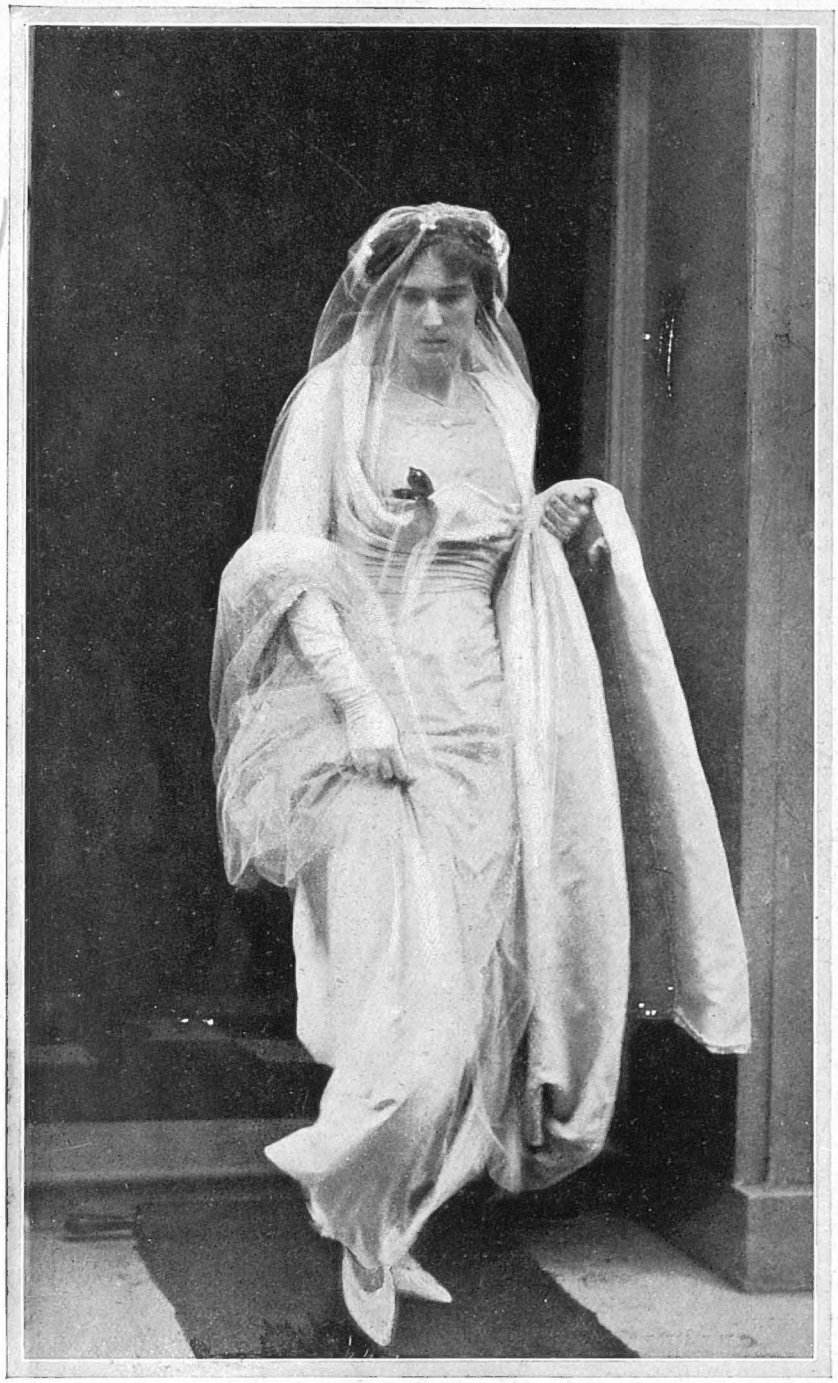
Photograph *Ernst Schneider, Berlin*

MADAME SAHARET AS SHE IS NOW APPEARING ON THE CONTINENT

The fashion in dances continues its career of quick-changes. After Salome, Classical, Apache, Russian, and other strange terpsichorean variations, Mme. Saharet is now offering Continental audiences the early nineteenth-century dance. No doubt London will see it in due course, and one would not be surprised were it to lead to a return to early Victorian fashions, as a violent reaction from Directoire and hobble-skirt modes

A Beautiful Bride

Dear me ! what a number of smart weddings there have been lately—almost more than I can cope with. The Lovat-Lister marriage started the ball rolling, and the same afternoon there was the marriage of Mr. Wilfred Sheridan and Miss Clare Frewen, which was graced by the presence of Swedish Royalty, if you please, and all the "Hig Lif" of American Society. Since then we have had the Herbert-Vesey wedding, which was remarkable for the beauty of the bride and the number of the bridesmaids. There were three daughters of dukes, be it known, and any number of belted earls' daughters, and the guests—well, they were too numerous for me to mention.



The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert

(*Née* Hon. Mary Vesey) leaving St. James's Church, Piccadilly, after her marriage to the Hon. Aubrey Herbert last Thursday. The bride is the daughter of Evelyn, Viscountess de Vesci, and the bridegroom a half-brother of the Earl of Carnarvon

A Welsh Junketing

The King, I hear, will not be present at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle next year ; but there will, of course, be a great gathering of Bodies and Nobodies at the ceremony ; but I pray you wait a few months for particulars of this function. I must not be too previous.

The Empty Garter

When will that Garter be given, and who will receive it ? This question is agitating the minds of many. I think I shall plump for Lord Aberdeen. Lord Granard has been mentioned, but, as the French say, "*Je ne pense pas.*" The *World* says that, according to custom, there is a chance of two Garters being bestowed after the Coronation. Again, "*Je ne pense pas.*" There are never more than twenty-five Knight Companions of this exalted Order, save foreign and Royal personages. One or two peers and peeresses are very anxious to know if they will receive invitations to attend the Coronation. They have no right to be present unless bidden, and more than one couple were overlooked at King Edward's Coronation. . . . . It is quite possible that the Continent may prove very attractive to certain people next June.

A Financier's Partridges

Lord and Lady Northbrooke have been entertaining a large shooting-party at Stratton Park during the past week, but partridges were very scarce indeed. The only one who appears to have a sufficiency of these birds is Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks, and it is said that these have not long been acquainted with that part of the country. At Holkham last week only fourteen brace of the little brown birds were bagged.

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering why the wedding-presents arrived so late in the day. They are wondering who is responsible for the blunders at Devonport on Wednesday. They are wondering if he and she liked being given away at luncheon the other day. They are wondering why the shooting-party was kept so extremely quiet. They are wondering why she wears her tiara at the opera. They are wondering if her ladyship has yet paid for her trousseau. They are wondering why he has been passed over. They are wondering what the regiment thinks of it.

The First Lady in India

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY HARDINGE OF PENSHURST

Who sails for India next month with her husband. Lord Hardinge is, of course, the new Viceroy of India, and his wife will occupy a position only a shade less difficult or less honourable than that of a Queen-Consort

Memorials to King Edward

Two of the late King's oldest friends—Lord Halifax and Lord Savile—are erecting private memorials to King Edward in the grounds of their country houses. Lord Savile's memorial consists of a sundial placed in the lovely gardens of Rufford Abbey, where the King spent many pleasant hours, and Lord Halifax's tribute is a cross erected outside the gates of his Yorkshire estate. Lord and Lady Savile were, of course, latter-day friends of His Majesty. Their tastes and his in every way coincided, they were keen racegoers and card-players, and Lord Savile is one of the finest of shots. Lord Halifax, on the other hand, had scarcely a taste in common with King Edward. They were young men together—the Prince Consort chose Lord Halifax as a suitable companion for the Heir-Apparent, but for many years Lord Halifax's chief interests have centred on spiritual affairs rather than temporal.

The Jewel Robbery Season

I don't know why it is, except that people, perhaps, are mostly on the move, but at this time of the year harrowing stories of jewel robberies in high life form invariably part of our morning's mental food. A year or so ago Lady Suffield was a victim, then Lady Carnarvon (who, however, was most advantageously insured), and this year it was first Lady Cunard who, at Munich, was forcibly deprived of all her gold "jingle-janglums"—cigarette case, match-case, card-case, purse, powder-box, mirror, pencil, etc., etc.—and then Lady Antrim, who, also on her travels, was thoughtfully relieved of the responsibility of ownership of some thousands of pounds worth of jewels, most of which were of an unreplaceable heirloom variety.

"Swank!"

So many of these jewel robberies take place on railway journeys that I can't help thinking it would be much better if jewel-cases did not quite so obviously *look* jewel-cases. They always do—the merest infant could never mistake milady's jewel-case for, say, a hold-all or a tea-basket—and *that* they do is just, of course, the merest "swank!" Every woman likes, of course, to be seen with an obvious maid bearing an obvious jewel-case in her wake, just as every Jap "treasure-flower" likes an obvious footman in his wake when taking exercise in the Park; but it is asking for trouble, and the only wonder is that the procedure does not, more often than it does, obtain it.

More Nautical Humour

"I have got Wellman, with his entire crew and cat," runs the marconigram from Captain Dunn, of the Royal Mail Steamer *Trent*. How bright and breezy these sea-dogs continue to be! Captain Kendall started the fashion, and I really fear we are in for a good season of nautical humour. When the Wellman airship collapsed north of Bermuda, Captain Dunn got his chance, rescued the crew, and told New York all about it in a racy message, which is worthy to rank with that of the San Francisco telegraph operator, who wired: "An earthquake hit us to-day at dawn. The ceiling is tumbling upon my head. It's me for the simple life." It only now remains for some music-hall to secure the joint services of the rival "boom" captains.

The Hero-Cleaning Season

General Gordon's statue in Trafalgar Square recently underwent cleansing operations, and our photograph shows the famous soldier as unperturbed as ever at the assaults of the British workman

Far From the Fourth Editions

The story of the week is of a sporting character, and concerns a young sprig of the aristocracy who has recently and most unexpectedly come into the family property, a fine old mansion in the south-west of England. The young man has been accustomed to spend his life on racecourses, and generally in rather vulgar company. When the family solicitor took him down to see for the first time the beautiful home that he had so luckily acquired, he expressed his ardent appreciation of its many attractions. But when told that there was no town house, and that he would really be expected to live in the halls of his ancestors, his consternation was profound. "But surely, sir," expostulated the solicitor, "you could not wish for a lovelier place." "Well, no," came the startling reply; "but how the devil am I to know what's runnin'?"

"I Was Ever a Fighter"

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, PHYSICALLY PREPARED TO DEFEND HIS PRIVILEGES

Among his many and varied pursuits and accomplishments Lord Howard de Walden enjoys the distinction of being a fine swordsman—proficient alike with foil, *epée*, and sabre, though the foil would probably be the weapon of his choice if he had to fight a duel, or if the political menace to the nobility ever took a violent turn. He fences regularly every day when in London, mostly at his private house, and was one of the team which represented England when the Olympic Games were first revived at Athens. Unlike most swordsmen, he fences in trousers instead of in the more compact costume usually adopted

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"GRACE"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S new play is a kind of sermon, only instead of a text at the beginning it has a "moral" at the end. And the "moral," which is in three sections, can at least claim the merit of novelty. It is as follows: "Never Sin; Never Repent; Never Confess." With regard to the first section, it is pointed out that it is best not to sin at all. If, however, one should unfortunately make a false step, as, alas! so many of us are prone to do, one should never be guilty of the folly of repentance. The false step should be regarded as past and done with, and best left alone, since no amount of sorrow can ever restore the bloom to the faded flower, or something of that sort. Should one, however, be so misguided as to indulge in feelings of repentance, open confession should be studiously avoided, more especially when it relates to matters that are better hushed-up in every well-regulated household. I hope I am not getting old-fashioned, but this brand of the New Morality is extremely new to me. It seems to be right up to date, and a little over.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Duke of York's Theatre

OF course, when a polite dramatist speaks of Sin, we know exactly to which particular phase of error he is referring. Ordinarily well-bred people have no taste for committing murder; while stealing has become impossible since the invention of the blessed word "kleptomania." It follows, therefore, that we are once more called upon to consider the eternal problem of two men and a woman. Mrs. Grace Insole is the woman, charmingly represented by Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Mrs. Insole was, before her marriage, a middle-class young lady; while her husband is a member of one of the old Somersetshire families with whom birth and breeding are perfect fetiches. Mrs. Insole finds that the fact that she comes from London, with no particular genealogical record, causes her to be slighted a little by real "county" people; and chafing under the coldness of her welcome as well as under the intolerable monotony of country life, she has even gone to the length of fostering an intrigue under her husband's roof. We have, in fact, at the commencement of the play the usual *ménage à trois* of tradition. Mr. Insole is a doting husband, who is too fond of his wife and too highly impressed with her lofty virtues even to dream of suspecting her good faith. Indeed, it is this reverence of his for his wife's beatific purity that causes all the trouble of the play.

THE fact is that the daughter of one of the gamekeepers on the estate has, unfortunately, gone astray, and as it is the stern rule of the estate that such girls must not remain in the neighbourhood, Mr. Insole is obliged to tell her father that she must leave the place within twenty-four hours. Mr. Insole is not necessarily a harsh man, but the bare thought that his pure and lofty-minded wife might accidentally breathe the same air as this shameless girl makes him determined to carry out the rule of the estate in all its severity. As soon as Grace Insole hears the news she pleads with her husband that the girl may remain in her home; but she can, of course, offer no particular reason for her agonised prayers for her husband's clemency towards this very miserable sinner. The one reason which might soften his heart is just the reason that she could never dream of giving. And so the unhappy gamekeeper's daughter, sooner than bring trouble on her father, commits suicide, and the coroner and the jury and several of the local people who are called as witnesses are really quite rude to poor Mr. Insole, who cannot, of course, argue with persons of that class. But he buoys himself up with the consolation that what he did was done for the best in order to preserve his wife from the mere chance of contamination.

THAT is where Mrs. Grace Insole feels her position so keenly, as they say in reports of criminal cases. Rightly or wrongly, she feels that she is even guiltier than the poor girl who is dead, her only advantage being that she has not been found out. Still, in these bustling times, that is a rather considerable difference. Grace is obsessed by the notions of conventional piety to the extent that if she can confess her fault, to her husband especially, she will in some way have made amends for it. This, indeed, is the strictly canonical position, and I perceive that in speaking lightly of it I must myself be becoming infected with the New Spirit. Still, we must all progress. Having thrown herself into various contortions indicative of extreme mental suffering and remorse, Grace can bear the suspense no longer. Indeed, she says so with no uncertain sound. She feels that she is responsible for the poor girl's death, and has got to talk about her sin to somebody. As it happens, her husband's brother is the vicar of the parish, and as he is on the premises at the time, Grace calls him forward, and says she would like to talk to him professionally.

THE Vicar (Mr. Leslie Faber) has spent a good deal of time during the play in explaining that he is really not suited for the responsible post he holds in the Church with the help of the family patronage; but as soon as he hears Grace's confession he gives her the only possible advice for a man in his position, and he gives it with every air of conviction. That is where Miss Vernon of Foley (Miss Lillah McCarthy) comes in. I haven't mentioned Miss Vernon before; but she has been there all the time, notwithstanding. She is another of the "county" lot, as she owns five thousand acres and a house and a ring-fence, and I do not ask for more than that myself. Miss Vernon once thought that Claud Insole (Grace's husband) was going to

marry her; and she has remained single from this disappointment. In point of fact, she admits that she is still in love with Claud, so that, with all these triangular love affairs, country life cannot be so dull as it is usually supposed to be. Miss Vernon has guessed Grace's guilty secret; and it is not for me to suggest that Grace's sudden yearning for confession may have been born of a desire to anticipate Miss Vernon's probable lack of reticence on the subject. But if Grace had any idea of the kind, she sees her mistake directly Miss Vernon of Foley takes the floor to announce the New Morality under the three heads I have mentioned in my opening paragraph. Why, after all, should Claud know anything about the matter, since it will only make him unhappy? Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. And all that kind of thing. The Vicar, who is inexpressibly shocked, comes forward to stamp out this unseemly heresy, and tells Grace that it is her duty to confess all and trust to luck for forgiveness. He and Miss Vernon try to talk each other down for some time with opposing arguments; but the man who sets out to get the last word in a debate with a woman deserves what he gets, anyhow.

JINGLE.

Facilis Des-Censor Averno

(*Without a Censor the road to hell is easy.*—TRANS.)

I DEEPLY regret to say that, as the result of long and careful deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that the Censor must go. The case against him has been accumulating for a long while, and now it has come to a head. By his refusal to license one of the recent plays of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the Censor showed himself to be wanting in literary discrimination, good manners, and common sense. He may have shown other failings besides; but I should be the last to wish to hit even a Censor when he is down. Now, however, that the Censor has had the temerity to refuse to license a play by Mr. Laurence Housman, he has put himself outside the pale by his own rash act. The Censor must go.

The Censor's decisions are governed by the views of the majority. That is, his office is practically under mob law. The average man does not want to have his mind disturbed by new theories of life. In other words, the average man is conten to stand still and make no progress at all. And w hout progress the world is doomed. It is the policy of the average man to keep things as they are until it is too late to alter them for the better; and the Censor supports the average man in his appalling inertia. Therefore, as above stated, the Censor must go.

A distinguished dramatic author has declared that the Censor sins against the light. That, of course, cooks the Censor's goose once and for all. We don't care very much what other lapses from grace a man may indulge in; but we are not going to have him sinning against the light.

Therefore, the Censor must go. As stated above.

It is perfectly obvious that the Censor cannot please everybody, and that shows that his office is an anachronism. Therefore, the Censor must go.

It is true that an author is not obliged to incur odium by revealing the fact that he has written a play which the Censor has decided is not suitable for public production; but, then, how is an author to get a big advertisement in any other way? Nobody would know that he had had a play rejected by the Censor if he did not announce the fact far and wide; and in the present deplorable state of public indifference, nobody would care.

If one wanted to take a lenient view of the Censor's position, it might be admitted that he certainly does appear to give a security to the dramatic author's craft that it would not otherwise possess. If there were no Censor, an author could never say for certain whether or not he had gone too far in his expression of the new morality; and the first intimation he would receive would be a police raid on the theatre producing his masterpiece. So that it is true that the Censor offers the dramatic author a tangible advantage.

Managers of theatres uphold the Censor to a man. The fact that a play has received the Censor's licence protects them from all kinds of interference at the hands of "vigilance societies" and common informers. Without the beneficent control of the Censor, managers could not sleep soundly in their beds. It will be seen, therefore, that the Censor is a distinct commercial asset to the theatrical profession, and, in my opinion, he and his office should be retained.

It is all very well to say that the Censor prevents authors from saying in public places what they think ought to be said; but, then, we all suffer more or less from the same kind of restraint. A good many people, just now, would very much like to say what they think ought to be said about Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, but they are compelled to forego that pleasure in deference to public opinion. If dramatists desire to preach a new gospel and are not adroit enough to choose an inoffensive medium for the conveyance of their ideas to the public, it is hardly fair of them to blame the Censor for their own ineptitude. The Censor exercises an extremely useful and necessary social function, and his office ought to be, as I have said above, retained at all costs.

The Censor stands for liberty—the liberty of the public against the tyranny of the New Dramatist. The Censor stands as the guardian angel of the English home and an indispensable bulwark of the social compact. And all that kind of thing.

Therefore, the Censor must remain. As stated above.

A. G.

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MR. OSCAR ASCHE: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

(Previous issues containing drawings by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, and Mr. George Alexander, and by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Zena Dare, Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, may be obtained from the Publisher)

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD

The First Meeting of the New Portuguese Ministry

On the extreme left is Dr. Alfonso Costa. Next to him is H. Jose Almeida. Dr. Braga is seated near the centre

The Gallic and British Strikers Compared

The Paris strike over, people are beginning to look beneath the surface of the movement. From its very commencement the affair presented far more nearly the aspect of a carefully planned political movement than of a *bonâ-fide* demand on the part of an overworked and underpaid body of public servants for a more reasonable wage-scale. But this is the inevitable groove in which such matters slide on this side of La Manche. Your Frenchman, whatever be his walk in life, literally cannot keep his fingers out of the pot politic. In England, now, where you also have had some recent experience of strikes, these, though stubbornly enough fought out, follow generally a line that is orderly and even decent in comparison. The British workman simply ceases to labour, and sits tight upon his strike-pay the while his duly ordained spokesmen worry the parties of the other side into granting him concessions. In France, on the other hand, the first thing your railway striker does is to hold a mass meeting and "slang" the Government of the day. Next, the advisability will probably occur to him of demonstrating to the public at once his own indispensability and the supreme majesty of Labour by blowing up a bridge or two or detaching the "metals" from the French substitute for fishplates. The present psychological juncture has also been seized by certain miscreants of another class to deposit their infernal machines at various points on the off-chance of gathering in a victim. Upon three successive nights of last and the present week Paris has been startled from its sleep by bomb explosions, which, fortunately, have been attended by results no more dreadful than the shattering of window-glass and the chipping of stone cornices, within what artillerists term, I believe, the "explosive radius."

Photograph *Knights-Whittome*

The Marquis de Fayal

King Manoel's gentleman-in-waiting, and one of the richest landowners in Portugal. He accompanied the Royal family into exile, and intends to naturalise himself as an English citizen

German Sympathisers

But these occurrences, innocuous as they may have been, are all straws to show which way the wind is blowing in this land of Liberty and Confraternity; and what is the senseless pyrotechnic display of to-day may very well become the grim tragedy of to-morrow, whilst one of the most regrettable facts in connection with the late disturbances is the readiness with which sympathisers in a neighbouring country—Germany—have come forward to aid their French *confrères* with large contributions to the strike fund. Throughout the troubles of the past few days there was one body which remained faithful to its salt and loyal to the great and glorious traditions of its caste. I refer to the troops that garrison the City of Dear Delights. Whether he has been engaged, in company with *messieurs les agents*, in quelling a nasty little street riot, in guarding the abandoned railway lines, and the very few employées who stuck to their posts thereon, or in acting (and uncommonly

A Fair Bourbon Princess

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Luisa Infanta de España

AN AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS LUISA OF BOURBON, INFANTA DE ESPAÑA, PAINTED BY SEÑOR PABLO A DE BÉJAR, PAINTER BY APPOINTMENT TO THE COURT OF SPAIN

The Princess was married in 1907 at Wood Norton (where the dethroned Portuguese King now is) to Prince Charles of Bourbon-Deux-Siciles. She is a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and a sister of the Duke of Orleans, Pretender to the throne of France

skilfully, too) as an amateur engine-driver and fireman, Jean Piou-piou—the Gallic Tommy Atkins—has once more proved himself the very splendid fellow I have always known him.

The Triumph of Comtism

Now that the Portuguese Republic has settled down into almost an established reality, it is interesting to compare the different attitudes of the Powers towards her. England and France have at once stood side by side in their intention to welcome this attempt of a proud and energetic people to shake off the trammels of bad government and start afresh on an era of self-improvement. Frenchmen are flattered by the universal testimony to the influence of French ideas—of that Comtism which is credited as the dominating factor in the production of the Young Turkish Revolution, and is also credited with having brought forth both the Brazilian and Portuguese revolts against Clericalism. It was in Paris, in 1860, that three young Brazilians met a fervent disciple of Auguste Comte and embraced the new philosophy. On their return to their own country they sowed the seeds of this new religion with a zeal which was indefatigable. In 1889 they judged the time was ripe to pass from theories to acts. The Emperor, Dom Pedro, had no son. The Comte d'Eu (an Orleanist), heir to the throne, and his consort, Isabella, were detested for their fanatical Clericalism. Accordingly, Benjamin Constant and Deodoro da Fonseca, uncle of the present President, at the head of a few regiments, marched on the Imperial palace, where no resistance was offered, and the Republic established. As we predicted in The Bystander of last March, the history of Brazil has repeated itself, event for event, in Portugal. The red-and-green flag of the Portuguese Republic is the flag of Positivism. The programme of "order and progress" which the Republic has pledged itself to carry out is in accordance with Auguste Comte's sociology and philosophy.

How the Tsar Walks Out

H.I.M. (at Friedberg) closely shadowed as usual by his Chief Detective Inspector and his Court Physician, Dr. Botken. Who would be a Tsar?

Germany and the Portuguese Colonies

The French political tradition is to welcome all new Republics into the family of nations. In England, however, the attitude is a very different one. England has always been the centre of political liberty, and however much we may differ in party politics the Portuguese Government can count on the sympathy of the British people, not only because Portugal is a struggling nation, but because England has a particular interest in the Colonial development and the maintenance of the strength of Portugal. For these very reasons Germany, without wishing ill to Portugal, cannot help casting longing eyes on any disruption which might lead to a recasting of the Portuguese Colonial Empire. With a "candid frankness," which is one of the characteristics of the subjects of William II.'s Empire, the celebrated Professor Schiemann writes: "Portugal's colonies are too big and too rich for her size and her Budget." English public opinion demands that the old maritime solidarity of the United Kingdom and the once first colonists of the world should be affirmed with energy.

Economical Queen Amelia

At a moment when the whole Portuguese nation has been exclaiming against the extravagance of its ex-Monarch, it is interesting to have the opinion of an outsider. The painter, Vittorio Corcos, who was staying at the Necessidades Palace in 1907 to finish a portrait of Queen Amelia, was asked to choose himself the place where he wished his picture to hang. He selected a corner in the Ambassador's Hall, where a big mirror was already hanging. But when the mirror was removed, it was found that the tapestry was in a deplorable condition, and the portrait by no means covered it. Queen Amelia did not think they were justified in spending the money necessary to replace the tapestry, and after much reflection a solution was found. By collecting all the scraps under the picture and putting them together above the picture the wall was improved, but, added the painter, "it made a very poor show." Vittorio Corcos considered the das Necessidades the most miserable and uncomfortable palace he had ever stayed in, whereas the Ajuda Palace, the residence of Maria Pia, was really splendid and Royal. Wherever and however Queen Amelia had lived the Portuguese would have found her extravagant. As a matter of fact, no more economical Queen has lived in Europe. It was the "office," and not the Queen, they were attacking.

Preparing For His Eastern Trip

THE KAISER'S ELDEST SON STILL ON HIS NATIVE SOIL

Copyright *Photochemie*

The German Crown Prince was twenty-eight last May. He is very happily married, and is the father of three little Princes. A short time ago it was announced that he was to tour in the East and visit our Indian Empire, and it is now announced that H.I.H. will sail next month

SIR RUFUS

CONCERNING SIR RUFUS ISAACS, K.C., M.P.

THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL

"I HAVE been fourteen years at the Bar, and I have never met a man with a bad word to say about him"—thus spake a barrister friend apropos of the new Attorney-General.

This was notable praise. A man can scarcely reach the top of the tree in any walk of life without making enemies, but the Bar, perhaps more than any other profession, is crowded with disappointed men.

Sir Rufus Daniel Isaacs is liked and respected equally by success and failure, by his professional rivals and by the briefless veteran rusting in frowzy chambers. What are the secrets of his popularity?

To begin with, the Attorney-General is a gentleman in every good sense of that much-abused term. He comes of Jewish aristocracy, for in him flows the blood of those Spanish and Portuguese Jews who claim to have left Palestine long before the Crucifixion.

That smiling courtesy which distinguishes him professionally is no affectation; it is part and parcel of a gentle, high-bred nature. Sir Rufus Isaacs can be relentless, but he could never be rude.

He is a just man. Indeed, he is sometimes almost Quixotic in his desire to be fair. Were I the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence, I'd as lief have Sir Rufus Isaacs against as for me. He is a sound man. He can be very brilliant, but he is never flashy.

Various legends have grown up around him. It is said, for example, that as a young stockbroker he was "hammered," and that it was this catastrophe that sent him from Throgmorton Street to the Temple; but this is a somewhat malicious fable.

Educated at University College School, and at Brussels and Hanover, young Isaacs, it is true, went into the City. On the Stock Exchange he acquired that mastery of figures and knowledge of the intricacies of company finance which sent Whittaker Wright to a suicide's grave. But no Stock Exchange waiter's gavel ever heralded the announcement of his insolvency.

Having left the City and been called to the Bar the young barrister "slogged" and laboured along, an unknown man, at least so far as the public was concerned, for the best part of ten years.

It was his defence of the *Star*, in the libel action brought against that newspaper by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, that first brought him before the public.

Sir Rufus Isaacs's success has been built largely upon an almost inhuman capacity for work. Like some fierce brain-workers, he requires little sleep. Anyway, for many years this was a typical day in his life: Rise 4 a.m., briefs till 8 a.m., at chambers 9 a.m., in court 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. consultations and the House of Commons, after dinner the "House" again, public or private engagements, or a flying visit to his constituents at Reading, bed somewhere about midnight, and up again at 4 a.m. When Lord Halsbury gave him "silk" in 1898, he said he did it to "save Rufus Isaacs's life."

To the public, and, indeed, to his brethren of the Bar, it is as cross-examiner that Sir Rufus Isaacs is most fascinating. Some cross-examiners bully or frighten the witness into submission, others tire him out, others, again, bewilder him until he does not know what he is saying. Sir Rufus Isaacs coaxes the reluctant or lying witness into saying just what he, counsel, wants him to say. He is never so deadly as when pitted against an astute rogue.

The rascal goes into the box fully on his guard. He has rehearsed his case, and there is not a weak point in it. He is asked the very questions he anticipated, and he has a "cast-iron" answer to each of them.

Counsel is no wise irritated or disappointed. He appears fully to accept the witness's statements and to be glad that he has such satisfactory replies to give. Witness begins to think that the great Isaacs is not so very terrible after all. Before long he is convinced that he has successfully hoodwinked his inquisitor. Then Sir Rufus Isaacs launches a sort of intellectual torpedo, and the witness is "abolished."

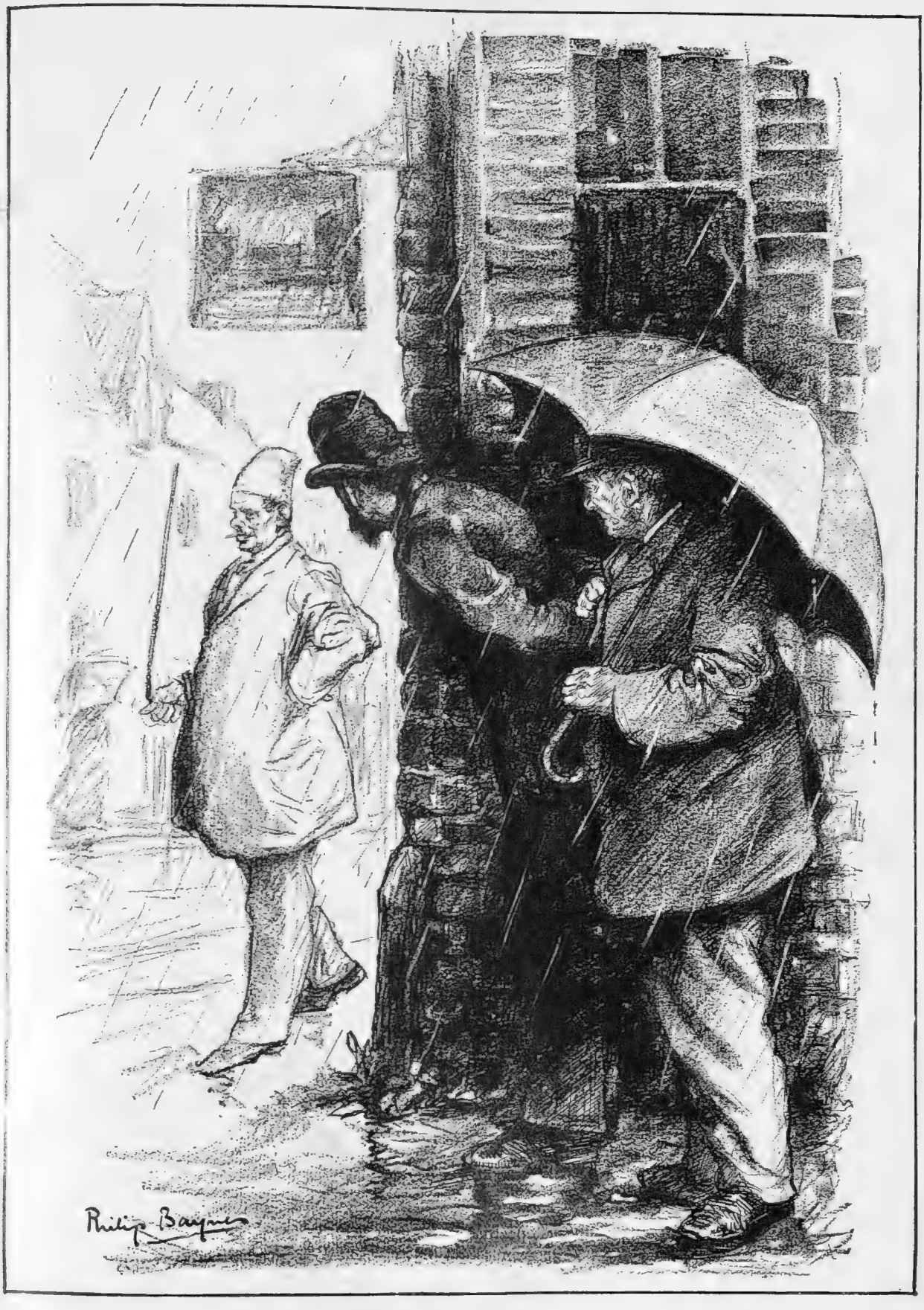
As an advocate he can be truly eloquent. His greatest effort, perhaps, was his defence of Mr. R. S. Sievier, charged with attempting to blackmail Mr. Woolf Joel. There was something intensely dramatic in the spectacle of a Jew defending a Gentile against another Jew. It is said that when Mr. Isaacs accepted the case, Mr. Sievier's solicitors expressed their relief, saying they had been afraid he would refuse it. "Why?" asked Mr. Isaacs. "Oh, well," said the solicitors, "you will be fighting against one of your own race, and we thought that perhaps you would rather not take the brief for that reason." "I don't think you will find that that will make any difference to me," was the quiet answer. Nor did it.

Pleading for the honour and liberty of a Christian, Sir Rufus Isaacs surpassed even himself.

In Parliament Sir Rufus Isaacs has been a comparative failure, yet Reading is lucky in its Member, for he is devoted to the interests of his constituents, and works unsparingly on their behalf. He has his human side, and has taken a very practical interest in the affairs of the luckless Reading Football Club.

He should make an ideal Judge when the time comes for his "elevation." N. W. F.

Out of Sight—Out of Mind



"'Ere's a rummy lookin' chap, Garge"
"'E's a Parsee, one of those blokes wot worships the sun, Willyum"
"Over 'ere on a 'oliday, I suppose?"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

An Indictment of the Practical Man

THE STRIKING LESSON OF A STRIKING NOVEL *

Symptoms of Decline

Is the reign of the Practical Man, so long the terror of the idealist, on the wane? There has for some time been a something in the atmosphere which forebodes it. I don't recall the recent publication of any "success" books. "Get On or Get Out" no longer falls upon one's ears with the authority of a saying from the Sermon on the Mount, and one is inclined to be sceptical even of "Get Rich Quick," "Do It Now," and other once venerated maxims. In all spheres, from high politics downward, the man of ideas seems to be once more to the fore. Lately he has to his credit the execution of the best-managed revolution in history, and not a bomb thrown. In the sphere of mere words one is permitted to express vague hopes and aspirations and no longer to be regarded as utterly squashed by the query, "How would you set about it?" or the sneer, "Where would you get the money?" The most successful daily paper recently published a special article in denunciation of the "worship of success"! Our one-time model, the specialist, was shown to be a fraud, and to "make one's way" was claimed to be inferior to the pursuit of happiness. Now, following these literary vibrations, comes a thunderbolt. A man who is by many critics regarded as the strongest of the younger novelists has written a book which shatters the Practical Man. Mr. W. B. Maxwell, in *The Rest Cure* (Methuen: 6*s.*), has taken a specimen of the "Get Rich Quick," "Do It Now," "Get at the Facts" modern type. Imitating his own methods, Mr. Maxwell has "got at the facts" about *him*, and he is hoist with his own petard. He is proved to be a negation of nature, a *failure* because of his own very success.

The Wrongness of Being Right

The character is John Barnard, known to the world as a practical politician, a man who has done everything he has set his hand to—risen from obscurity, educated himself for the Bar, passed from the Temple of Law to that of Mammon, made, out of rubber flotations, an income sufficient to enable him to propose to the one woman he loves, a peer's daughter, to marry her, and to set her old family on its legs. Good man of business, he is also a good fellow, good husband, good father, but——. What is wrong with him? Reading Mr. Maxwell's admirable book, at first, apparently nothing. If ever a man deserved, according to accepted notions, happiness, here was that man, one who always saw the right thing, and always did it, who had a formula for everything, and that the right one. What was wrong with him? Boldly does Mr. Maxwell answer—his Rightness! Following his career mercilessly, step by step, to its logical conclusion, he proves John Barnard's whole conception of his life—a "success" if ever there were one—to be wrong, and he makes Barnard himself, at the end, his own Confessor. In his quest of success he sees that he has mistaken "rightness" for happiness. Concentrating on providing that fatal "wherewithal," he has overlooked the prime need of his wife, her thirst for that intangible thing, Sympathy. In masterly sequence the novelist shows us how, little by little, Lady Edith yearns for a something more, that her husband cannot, or will not give, so preoccupied is he with her practical happiness. The yearning results in her taking a trip abroad. There something happens—or, rather, someone. We only suspect that her sudden return to London from the Riviera is because of the compromising result of an intrigue with her worthless, workless, but fascinating, cousin, Cyril Stewart, and John Barnard himself suspects nothing at all—until the end. She has a baby and it dies. She makes a cryptic remark as to this tragedy being "God's hand—my punishment," which he fails to understand.

Nature's Toll for Overwork

The rift in the lute spreads, and finally the music becomes mute. Barnard, busier than ever at his work, loses his wife's affection altogether. She goes away, and stays away (at her newly enriched family's newly repurchased country home). After a long time the man suddenly discovers that he is lonely. He tries unsuccessfully to cajole and to threaten his wife to return; then, one night in his office, he is, for the first time, conscious of the personality (and also the face and figure) of his devoted amanuensis. The breach with his wife thereupon becomes absolute. But then comes the crisis. The first penalty, of losing his wife, is followed by the other. Nature demands her price from the overworked. Barnard collapses, has a complete breakdown, and is ordered to "the rest cure," and, despite frantic efforts to free himself from the clutches of the hated specialists, he is perforce kept there. There, the doctor (a delightful innovation, by the way, in fiction) makes his distraught patient realise that his time for work is for ever gone. He makes him *think*. And Barnard thinking is another man—a man whom his wife, summoned to his bedside by the amanuensis herself (another excellently artistic touch), can, for the second time, really love. Edith is re-drawn to her husband, now no longer practical, and for the first time philosophical. He literally dies in her arms. While at his place of doom (the Riviera) he goes over his whole life, and sees how wrong was all his rightness; he sees what he should have done, and in the new process of introspection he reads the inner truth of things to which he has hitherto been blind, among them the facts as to his wife's defection during her first stay abroad. It dawns on him who was the father of the dead child. But Edith, herself penitent long since of that sin, confesses it in his dying ear. One might safely proclaim this book to possess higher technical qualities than any recently written. But greater than these is the underlying moral—the indictment of the worship of success, the plea for a spiritualisation of life, and the invocation to the "business man," in the interests of business, to be less of a business man and more of a man!

V. C.

* *The Rest Cure.* By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Author of "The Rest Cure"

MR. W. B. MAXWELL (SON OF MISS BRADDON), WHOSE STRIKING NEW NOVEL IS JUST PUBLISHED

Photograph *Russell and Sons*

The author of "Vivien" and "The Guarded Flame" has added to those notable novels a third, entitled "The Rest Cure," which is, in "The Bystander's" opinion, one of the strongest literary creations of the day. The book indicts the "practical" man by a careful analysis of the character and methods of a typical specimen of that genus, and is a scathing retort upon preachers of the "Get Rich Quick" school. A review of the book appears opposite

LADY BLANCHE CAVENDISH

LADY ANN

Photographs

LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH

LORD CH

These charming portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's children will appeal to everyone who appreciates the winsom truly exclaim, "We are Seven." We publish the portraits of six,

...hes of the ... Cavendish

...AVEND...

LADY DOROTHY CAVENDISH

...CAVENDISH

Rita Martin

LADY MAUD CAVENDISH

...of childhood. There is something refreshing about the unstudied pose and expression of the subjects. Their Graces' children may ... Lord Hartington, the eldest son, being the only one omitted above

Flora With Her Spoils

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

"I am the handmaid of the earth,
I broider fair her glorious gown,
And deck her on her days of mirth
With many a garland of renown"

—W. Morris

The HEADMASTER

BY HUMPHREY BOWEN

"I WAS rather afraid that you were dead."

The speaker, a big, burly man of about fifty years of age, scorched with the suns of the South and bitten by the frosts of the North, put a peculiar significance into his words. He was addressing a man some ten years his senior, a little man, with white hair and light-coloured eyes, and with a distinct nobility of appearance. They stood in a quiet thoroughfare leading off one of the main streets of the great Midland city of Birmfield.

The older and frailer of the two stood and stared at the man who had addressed him. He stared with the eyes of a rabbit waiting for the snake to strike.

"Is it you, Effran—come back—now?" he managed to gasp out at last.

"Yes, Doctor Dening." Effran laid considerable satirical emphasis on the word "Doctor." "I'm back at last. Where do you live?"

"I'm Headmaster of Birmfield College, Effran. I live, of course, at the College."

"Right! Are you married?"

"Yes, Effran."

"All the better. Here, jump in this cab. I'll come home with you. We can talk there."

A passing policeman was considerably shocked to see the Headmaster of Birmfield College, apparently in tears, being all but pushed into a cab by a burly looking stranger with a very sinister jowl. He solemnly decided to take the cab's number, wrote it down wrongly, adjusted his helmet-strap, and pompously resumed his beat.

When Effran was at the University, and that was nearly thirty years ago, he had come very largely under the influence of one of the junior professors, a brilliant classical scholar of the name of Dening. The latter had also taken a very keen interest in the studies of a man called Bowden. There could not have been a greater physical and mental contrast than between Effran and Bowden, but Dening coached and encouraged both men with equal enthusiasm. While Effran was a fine athlete and very slow thinker, Bowden was physically frail and had abnormal brain-power. Dening rejoiced in the brilliant mental activity of the one, and did his best to credit his tutorial capacity with the conquest of the other's disabilities. All three were good friends.

In the third year of their acquaintance a shocking scandal paralysed the men at Dening's college, and, indeed, every student at the University. It was so serious a matter that the University authorities were compelled to notify the police. As a result of their inquiries, Harvey Effran was tried for a grave criminal offence. The evidence against him was entirely circumstantial, but it was overwhelmingly complete. There had been systematic forgery of the name of the Chancellor and the Head-Librarian of the University in order to obtain practically priceless volumes, which were believed to have found their way to America. The books stolen included five specimens of black letter, said to be the most valuable in the world, and some gloriously ornate volumes which had been stolen by an earlier thief from a Chinese monastery, and were regarded as the most wonderful specimens of decorative book-making ever seen in Europe. One of the smaller missing books was found hidden in the base of a large clock in Effran's room, and papers showing how assiduously and expertly he had been practising the necessary signatures were discovered. He was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, and it was the painful duty of both Dening and Bowden to give evidence which helped to convict their friend.

Dr. Dening and Effran were silent in the cab. The former was on the verge of collapse, and Effran saw that it was no use talking to him. Before they reached the College, however, the Headmaster had recovered his composure.

As they walked through the quadrangle Effran bent his head and whispered to the Doctor.

"My name's not Effran yet, you understand. Not till I'm cleared. Call me Newton."

Dening nodded, and led the way to his library. It was late in the evening, nearly eleven o'clock. The Headmaster had been dining out, and was on his way home when he had met Effran. He knew that his wife would be in bed, and felt grateful for the fact.

The two men sat down in the comfortable room on either side of the fireplace. Effran looked down contemptuously on his former tutor, but Dening would not meet his eyes.

"These have been pretty long years for me, Dening."

"They must have been. What have you been doing since you left prison?"

"Tell me something first. Do you know the name of the guilty man?"

"Of course, Effran," replied the old man in a quavering voice. "Why else should I have perjured myself to get you convicted?"

"Yes. Of course. You must have known. It was Bowden, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I first suspected it when he went into the box to give evidence against me. I thought it all over during those years in prison, and I became convinced it was Bowden. When I got out I made exhaustive inquiries with the idea of establishing his guilt, but, though I got a little, I didn't get enough corroborative evidence."

"Have you seen Bowden? He went abroad soon after the case. I have heard nothing of him for many years."

"I have seen him. I saw him dead. I hunted him for thousands of miles, and I found him dead. He had been shot in a poaching affray on the Canadian frontier. I saw him dead, and I learnt enough about his

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life to show me that he gained nothing by his villainy."

"Dead! Dead! Dickie!" The sweet-faced old man with the white hair looked up at his companion, and met his eyes for the first time since they had entered the room.

"Yes, dead. And, by God, I wish I had killed him."

"Jack, for God's sake don't say that."

"Jack! Jack!" Effran broke into mirthless laughter. "It used to be Jack and Dick, Jackie and Dickie with you. Now it's Effran the ex-convict and Bowden the dead decadent. Oh, Dening, what devil drove you to send an innocent man into the depths?"

"Why? Don't you know, Effran?"

"No, damn you, of course I don't know. Tell me now."

"I liked you both. There were no two men in the world for whom I cared more. But Dick Bowden had a sister. I loved her. I married her, afterwards. She is asleep upstairs now, Jack."

"Oh, my God, was that it?"

"Ah, Jack, pity me. You can't forgive, but pity me. I thought the world of you two boys, but of the two Dickie Bowden had to count most. I loved his sister. I knew his people. You were an orphan and a man of wealth. Had I told what I knew, I could have saved you, but I should have made Bowden a convict. I should have lost the love of his sister, and brought eternal agony on some of the sweetest, noblest people in the land. You were alone. It seemed to me that you could bear it better. I was wrong, selfish, but if you knew, Jack, how much I was in love, you would agree that there were extenuating circumstances."

Effran glared at the speaker, his hard face flaming with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, vicious devil," he cried. "If one man is clean and another is unclean would you label the clean man leprous and the unclean pure for the sake of sentiment? What sort of love was it that inspired you with that perverted notion?"

Dening hung his head, and did not answer.

"I had never harmed you. Yet for the sake of a sensual passion—ah, yes, it was a sensual passion! There could have been no purity in love that would inspire such devilry—you condemned me to a life of exile from all that I loved best. The prison hurt, but not so much as what I have gone through since. Have you ever been cut in the street by a boy you licked in fair fight at school? Have you ever loved a woman and seen her recoil in disgust from the sight of you? Love! You talk of loving. Was not I in love when you put me in the dock? Did you never think of the possibility of that, you cur?"

"I didn't. I didn't. God forgive me! I didn't."

"No. I can believe that. You thought of nothing but yourself. And now you've got to pay. Bowden has escaped me. You've got to pay."

"What can I do, Jack?" The reply was long in coming, and the voice half-choked.

"Tell the truth! Write to the Home Secretary, and clear my name."

"And my wife? What of my wife?"

"I can't pity her. I've only pity for myself."

Dening buried his face in his hands. Effran lay back in his chair and watched the man who had wronged him so grievously. He was in no hurry. Dening might think, but he would have to make up his mind in a way, that he, Effran, approved.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and no further word passed between the two men. Then Dening raised his head.

"Jack, I see a way out. I, myself, will confess to the crime."

"What? You!"

"Yes. It will hurt her least. It will hurt her people least. I am thinking of my wife. It must never be known that Dick Bowden was the criminal."

"Nonsense! Delightfully heroic, of course, but sheer nonsense. People would say that you had lost your reason. You would never prove it."

"I could prove it. While you were on your trial I found out how the whole thing was done. I could convince the authorities easily. Yes, Jack, that is the best way out."

"Absurd. The real criminal is dead. You have shielded him long enough."

"Yes. He is dead. But if I tell the truth, if I accuse Bowden, and prove that Bowden was the criminal, I shall have to admit perjury. I shall be sentenced anyway. I may as well take the whole thing on my shoulders."

Effran stared at him in a puzzled manner.

"Well, that part of it seems to be your affair. I'm not particularly concerned as to how you go about it, but I've got to be cleared somehow. Do you understand?" Dening nodded sadly.

Effran rose to his feet.

"Well, I'm going now. You can think it all over to-night. I shall call in the morning."

"All right, Jack." Dening rose unsteadily to his feet. "Will you have something to drink before you go?"

The old man's pathetic appearance and his weird proposal of hospitality in such circumstances slightly touched Effran. He twisted his hat in his hands for a moment, and then assented.

Dening poured out two glasses of whisky. Effran drank his hastily; Dening very slowly and with trembling fingers. A moment later Effran was gone.

The old man, when he was alone, sat down for a moment, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then he picked up the whisky glasses.

"I would never bear it, never bear it," he muttered to himself. Then, with his handkerchief he carefully dried the glasses and replaced them on the sideboard. Next he took from his pocket a tiny cardboard box, and burnt it and its contents in the fire.

Before retiring he quietly visited his wife's room. He bent over her sleeping form and kissed her gently. Then he made his way to his own room, drew down the blinds, and carefully locked the door.

Now his expression changed. The lines on his face seemed to disappear. His movements became more sprightly. From a secret drawer he took a key and opened a large safe. Then, one by one, with loving hands he carried from the safe to the table some books with wonderful covers, most wonderfully printed, most wonderfully old. In his eyes was the dull, greedy light that brands the bibliomaniac.

. . . . . .

On the following morning Effran was found dead in his bedroom at the hotel. The doctor confidently diagnosed heart-failure. Except that the man's name appeared from his cards to be George Newton, nothing further was ever known in Birmfield about him.

HUMPHREY BOWEN.

Outdoor Hobbies for the Home

NO. III.—YACHTING IN THE YARD

BY DUDLEY TENNANT

A BYSTANDER IN CANADA

VI.—"FAIRING" AT TORONTO

King Street, Toronto, one of the Main Thoroughfares

I STRUCK Toronto during the World's Fair. It happened also to be Labour Day. Three hundred and sixty-four days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do in Canada, but the three hundred and sixty-fifth is Labour Day, and no manner of work is to be done that day. Instead, you go somewhere, by train for choice, assemble in multitudes, and have, to put it commonly, a bust.

The consequence for me was that, after applying at five different hotels, I was unable to get a room, but was granted a berth on a landing. Ordinarily, I should imagine, Toronto is the least bit too respectable. On Labour Night it was joyous, nor did it seem *de rigueur*, after dusk, for a man to be able to steer a straight course through the streets. I feel sure this was all most unusual, for Toronto is, as a rule, a most sober place—a place of a real brisk sobriety. It keeps the Sabbath, for example, very strictly, and it hustles the rest of the week. I imagine Toronto places hustling next to godliness—not a bad second, perhaps. It looks like that, clean, open, many-churched, well-pavemented, and people moving to and fro in a keen, determined manner, as though they meant to make the most of the six days before them so as to deserve a real good rest under the minister next Sunday.

What an old thing "Fairing" is, and what a new thing it seems in some ways at Toronto. The Fair itself, or the exhibition, rather, as it seems mostly to be called, I did not think much of; the exhibits and the manner of exhibiting them would strike as poor anyone who has seen any of the more famous exhibitions of the Old World. The fruit show, fine as the fruit was, was arranged little better than in an English village flower-show. But the keenness of the crowd visiting the grounds! There was the novelty. None of your *blasé* European glimpses at one or two of the best exhibits, and then a seat to listen to the band. They did listen to the band, it is true, but they also did the show, every inch of it. Visitors camped on the grounds and brought meals with them in paper-bags and boxes to strengthen themselves to see everything before going back to their homes. The ladies had on their best hats and frocks, but that was more to do honour to the Fair than to show themselves off. Nor were the commercial travellers and exhibitors a whit less keen in showing what Canada could make in the way of pianos, carpets, chewing-gum, and what-not. It was a scene of the greatest enthusiasm, and I thought it a pity that so few English firms had taken the trouble to exhibit, for, as I say, this was not a crowd merely "doing" a show, but a crowd wanting to find what there was they wanted, or could be made to want—a crowd with dollars in its pockets and more dollars in its banks.

I clove my way to my bed on the landing through a horde of young commercial travellers excitedly discussing the business this great exhibition would bring them. Next day I went to Niagara. It would be unfair to Toronto not to go to Niagara when you are there, for Niagara is so near, and it would be unfair to Niagara, too, for, of course, Niagara power is to a large extent responsible for Toronto. No doubt the solid English stratum that is at the back of Toronto (it was here, remember, that when the States broke from us, the United Empire loyalists, who could endure no rule that was not England's, no liberty that was not English liberty, settled themselves) would have upheld a big city in any case; but it is the Falls of Niagara that have made Toronto so quickly great. There was a most gorgeous sunset over the Falls when I got there, after four hours on the dull, big lake, and I spent all my time watching that. The green and white foam of water swooped from a mountain of grey and gold clouds, piled fantastically into the furthest sky; and until the darkness came I forgot the power-houses, and the death in the Rapids of Captain Webb, and Blondin's tight-rope feat over the maddened swirl.

Before I leave Toronto, I wish to say I have not formed an opinion on the burning question as to whether or no it is a finer city than Montreal. I ought to have done so, I know. Anyone worth his salt would have done so. But it is not so easy if you are a citizen of neither. There are so many things to balance up. Montreal has more millionaires, but Toronto has fewer slums. Toronto has more of a hustle in it, but Montreal more picturesqueness. Niagara belongs to Toronto—or very nearly so (the States come in); Montreal has its mountain. Montreal is French; Toronto English. Montreal is a gateway to Europe; Toronto is faced to the States. Both are great, and both are Canada's. Thank heaven, we in England have not to decide whether London is greater than Manchester or *vice versâ*. I don't think we have to—at least, not very often. But I am not a Manchester man myself. Anyhow, these jealousies are stupid things, if a mere bystander may make a rather obvious criticism.

R. E. V.

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

(SERIES RESUMED)

No. XVII.—The Hertfordshire

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

IN recommencing the series of articles this season on "Famous Hunts at Home," I have to make my grateful acknowledgments to Masters of Hounds for their courtesy in granting me facilities to visit their kennels. It will, I trust, be fully understood that, in the limited space apportioned to me in these columns, it is only possible to touch very briefly either the history or the present doings of a Hunt, as in most cases a whole book would scarcely contain all there is to be said. My first visit this season was to the Hertfordshire Hounds, whose kennels are at Ashbourne Green, some three miles south of Luton, on the Harpenden road. The Hunt formed originally part of the Hatfield Hunt, established by the late Marchioness of Salisbury who held office from 1775 until she reached her seventieth year in 1819. This wonderful lady eventually lost her life in the fire which destroyed part of Hatfield House in 1835. When in 1819 she retired from hunting, she handed over the pack to the Herts Hunt Club, and from that time onward till 1875 the hounds were known by the name of the various Masters during the time they held office. As far back as 1725 the Salisbury family hunted the country, which is now split up between the Herts and the Puckeridge, but in 1799 the latter Hunt came into existence, and the portion they now hunt was separated from the Herts.

Major C. Jackson, Master of the Hertfordshire Hunt

The Country

The country now extends some thirty miles north to south, and twenty-three miles east to west. On the north it adjoins the Cambridgeshire and the Oakley, on the west the Old Berkeley (East), and on the east the Puckeridge. The country south is not hunted. The Masters who have held command during the last century are Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, Sir Thomas Sebright, Lord Dacre, Mr. Gerard Leigh, Captain Peacock, Mr. Sworder, and Mr. Fenwick Harrison, and for ten years a Committee between 1875-1885. Last season the Hunt were extremely fortunate in getting Major Jackson, of Knapp House, Dorset, late 8th Hussars, Master of the South and West Wilts, to come forward. This gentleman, since taking over the command, has set himself seriously to improve the pack, and considering the short time he has had the

control he is much to be congratulated on what he has effected. Thanks to the introduction of some good brood bitches from Lord Portman's and the South Staffordshire, the pack has every prospect of developing into a thoroughly good one.

The Young Entry Promising

The young entry this year are of a most promising order in every respect, the bitches being of the size and bone to ensure progeny of the right order when their time comes. Taking the pack generally, as they now are, it consists of fifty-nine couples of hounds, of which twenty-four couples are dogs standing 24in. and 24½in., the bitches measuring 23in. In shape, they have good necks and shoulders, good ribs, immense bone, and are altogether big hounds. Among a Cheshire draft was Sampler, an exceptionally fine dog; in fact, as perfect a hound as to-day exists. In colour he is tan all over, and in shape he is faultless, his tremendous bone, deep chest, fine neck, shoulders, back, and loins being ideal for stud purposes. Already he has twenty-three of his sons and daughters at work in the pack, of which Virgin, Scandal, Sculptor, and Vampire are the pick. Of the other hounds which take my fancy, Hecuba, by Lord Rothschild's Herald; Sanfoin, brother to Sampler; Vesper, by Belvoir Gameboy; Sealskin, by Sergeant; Timbrill, by Talisman; and Cromwell, Tuneful, and Countess all show quality.

Sir Alfred Reynolds, the Hon. Secretary of the Hertfordshire Hunt

The Bitch Pack

The bitch pack hunt well, and are particularly good on a cold scent, which is often found in this country, where there is so much arable. Taking them all round, they are good, stout hounds, and will stand any amount of hunting, and when Major Jackson has succeeded in making them run a little less mute, he will have a useful pack. The kennels are first-rate, and as good as any to be found in England. They were erected by the late Mr. Gerard Leigh, of Luton Hoo, in 1867, in record time, the men working night and day to complete the work. The stables here are also super-excellent, and, in fact, both kennels and stables are models of what these should be. Oliver is a first-rate rider, and a persevering, patient huntsman. A capital man in kennels, he is born to the work, and hounds like him and come quickly to him in the field. Mrs. and Miss Jackson are regular and very keen followers of the hounds, and are always well mounted and go well. The Hunt servants are all mounted on well-bred horses that can get the country, and this Major Jackson is very particular about. As a Master he is very quiet in the field, yet a good disciplinarian, and he is greatly assisted in his duties by Colonel the Earl of Gavan, Grenadier Guards, who acts as Field-Master, when he can get away from his regimental duties.

Tom Oliver, the Huntsman of the Hertfordshire Hunt

The Fields

The fields on Mondays number about 200 and on Wednesdays 100, while on Fridays and Saturdays between 200 and 300 turn out, a large London contingent helping to swell the numbers. A clever horse is wanted for this country. There are all kinds of fences the country varying in character to an extraordinary degree. Some parts of it are considered equal to the Shires. There is a fair amount of pasture and large areas of plough and woodland. The wire trouble is not so serious. The Master calls on all newcomers and diplomatically arranges for its removal. On the whole, the members of the Hertfordshire Hunt are well mounted and enjoy a gallop, while the farmers are as keen as mustard, ride well, and preserve foxes.

Shooting Interests

Hertfordshire being a county where shooting interests are large, it requires some tact to prevent clashing with the Hunt. However, the Hunt is fortunate again in having an excellent Hon. Secretary in Sir Alfred Reynolds, who for many years has done yeoman service. Both he and his sons are keen followers and supporters of the Hunt, as are also the large landed proprietors over whose ground hounds hunt. The prospects this season are rosy, for, with a keen Master, a good huntsman, a greatly improved pack of hounds, plenty of foxes, and a stud of good hunt horses, there is everything for the members of the Hertfordshire to look forward to as regards sport, and in this they have my sincere good wishes.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

Round and About the Hertfordshire Kennels

A Hunting Morning at the Hertfordshire Hunt Kennels at Kinsbourne Green, near Luton

Hounds Coming Out from the Kennels to Exercise on a Bright October Morning

"Annables": The Master's (Major C. Jackson) Hunting Box, near the Kennels

Major Jackson is an excellent M.F.H., and the discipline he insists upon has resulted in making the Hunt extraordinarily popular with people who like their sport rigorously conducted. On Fridays and Saturdays a large London contingent joins the Hunt, as many as 300 riders sometimes turning out. The kennels are as good as any in the country

The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

Rabelais—A Confession

In reading Mr. Arthur Benson's last volume of essays (*The Silent Isle*) a few weeks ago I was delighted to gather from one of his chance obervations that he does not admire Rabelais. It is always gratifying to find your secret distastes shared and enunciated by a writer who is academic in the right sense of the word. I was rather surprised that none of the reviews pounced on this little confession. Rabelais is such a good stick with which to beat an author you are misinterpreting. An allusion to Pantagruel's library is hardly less effective than a reference to Don Quixote's; though my friend, Mr. Clement Shorter, has set the fashion of referring to his own. "I have now added," he will write, "Messrs. So-and-So's admirable edition of Buckle in seventy-four volumes. I think, however, there might have been seventy-five, which would have just filled five shelves." I, on the contrary, expel from my shelves more often than I add to them, partly for gain and partly from boredom. Then, I never own more than two hundred books at a time, and of these I have never read more than a hundred and fifty. I refuse to own any work which is worth more than a sovereign unless it contains a presentation signature. The question of dust is obviated. The temptation to borrowing friends becomes slight. Never having been able to get through Rabelais, I disposed with glad heart of my Tudor Edition, which I was gratified to learn had gone up in price, and purchased Mr. Arthur Benson's complete works with the proceeds.

Boccaccio—Another Confidence

Another book I got rid of with more compunction was Boccaccio's *Decameron*, embellished by Stothard. I have owned the volume since prurient days of childhood. I shall never forget my disappointment, not only with the pictures, but the text. There is only one really improper tale, and that ceased to amuse me at a very early age. I used to wonder if the others were really related in the villa near Florence, and I always thought I should have preferred the plague to hearing such long-winded short stories. What reminded me of Boccaccio was the appalling number of novels that have Italy for a background. Boccaccio, the text-books tell us, is the father of the modern novel. That ours are much better or more amusing than his own, Boccaccio would, I hope, be the first to admit. Mr. Hewlett's *Little Novels of Italy*, for instance, are more subtle, more entertaining, than anything in the *Decameron*. I am tired, however, of the Anglo-Italian novel. I don't want to see the "Contessa stepping into the pergola." With the "Cardinal's" modernist leanings I have no sympathy. "Pietro," with his dark, flashing eyes, may join that terrible secret Anglo-Italian Association, the Palla-Malla, or not, for all I care. I won't eat by proxy any more ices in the square of Saint Mark—Piazza di San Marco it is in Italian. I prefer those at Rumpelmeyer's. When friends ask me to read their books about Italy I take Baedeker's advice, and reply, "*Patti chiari, amicizia lunga.*" They don't know what it means any more than I do; but it produces a cessation of importunities.

Mr. Reginald Turner

You can imagine from the title that a novel called *Count Florio and Phyllis K* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*) was hardly the kind of book I should have selected for personal reading. But I remembered that the author, Mr. Reginald Turner, had made me laugh so often in his other books; had given me, perhaps, more pleasure than any of our living novelists. There was a feeling that you could endure an Italian background again, seen through his kindly eyes; that in the foreground there would be something besides Pietro's flashing eyes, something other than the equally flashing wit of the Florentine Donna Bella Porsi; or that the tragedy of the Della Pianolas, one of the oldest families in Saffron Hill, would grind neither slowly nor small, like their organs. Instinct triumphed. *Count Florio* is the first amusing novel of King George the Fifth's reign. At least, it is the first novel that has amused me. Most novels are for a particular group or class of readers. But Mr. Turner's book is for every reader.

"Count Florio and Phyllis K"

Only very stupid people will avoid laughing at *Count Florio;* only bores will be bored by it. The student of modern Italy must be grateful for the perfect picture of the typical young Italian aristocrat, that fag-end of the Middle Ages, who will never live up to an Englishman's ideal. There is more to be learned about the type in Mr. Turner's novel than in a hundred leading articles on the construction of United Italy, or in fifty histories of the Unification. Though Mr. Turner, a true artist, was perhaps unaware that he was combining instruction with amusement. His book is pure comedy, with just a few jarring touches of farce, that could be deleted in further editions. These are almost entirely in the nomenclature of minor characters. The story has a delightful and refreshing lack of purpose. There is no moral. There is no immorality. To Americans it will have an appeal in that the genial chaff of their country is more than

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balanced by the genial chaff of Englishmen. If translated into Italian I believe Mr. Turner would be given at least a Papal title, and certainly a decoration from the Quirinal, for his services to Italy; for condescending to understand the modern Italians.

A Mystery

Who is Mr. Robert de la Condamine? Is his name a *nom de guerre?* I am assured on good authority that it is his real name, and that he comes from old Huguenot stock, which did not leave a district of Monte Carlo on account of the gambling. He acts under the name of Robert Farquharson. Those who remember some of his impersonations at the Stage Society and the Literary Theatre Society are not likely to have forgotten him. He is more Sicilian than any actor I know. Grasso's talent seems to me almost commonplace compared to Mr. Farquharson's. If he is really the author of *The Upper Garden* (Methuen: 5*s.*), no explanation is necessary. I spoke just now of the first amusing novel of King George's reign. Let me speak of the first, or nearly the first, piece of literature; for Mr. Benson's essays can claim priority of publication.

"The Upper Garden"

Putting aside poetry, possibly drama, and "books which Mr. Shorter's library can never be without," *The Upper Garden* is one of the dozen works of literature published since the new century began. You will think that an exaggeration. You will confirm your opinion, perhaps, when you have read the book. For let me tell you frankly that it appeals to very few. If you live long enough you will be surprised to see one day in some History of Literature a chapter devoted to the author of *The Upper Garden*. Literary prophecy is said to be dangerous. I have no fear. Partly because my literary prophecies have an awkward habit of being fulfilled, and partly because chemists tell me that none of the paper on which any periodical (even THE BYSTANDER) is now printed will last more than seventy years! Posterity will not be able to compare notes, thank Heaven. *The Upper Garden* is not a handbook for gardeners, let me hasten to add. It is the philosophy of beauty, an artist's rhapsody; but the artist is the artist in words and thought, not the painter. *The Upper Garden* is a book which no third-year Cambridge man should leave about when Oxford Freshers are on the premises. I hope Mr. Methuen will quote this in an advertisement. Here is one of *The Upper Garden* aphorisms: "There is no marrying in Heaven, it has been said, though one is given no such gratifying assurance as to the condition of Hell."

Some Charming Stories

Books I have recently added to other people's libraries are *Astray in Arcady*, by Mary E. Mann (Methuen: 6*s.*); *Mr. Poskitt's Nightcaps*, by J. S. Fletcher (Eveleigh Nash)—another volume of tales much better than the *Decameron*; and *The Tender Passion*, by M. E. Francis (John Long: 6*s.*). The last deals with the loves of old people in a tender and most delightful way.

ROBERT ROSS.

Notes on New Books

A Guide to the Outdoor Life

A seventh edition (rewritten and enlarged) of Mr. P. Jeffrey Mackie's *The Keeper's Book* has just been published by T. N. Foulis. A finer compendium of sport has rarely seen the light. Brightly, even breezily, written and superbly illustrated (there is a grand dog picture facing p. 174), it is sure to see many more editions. Practically every phase of sport is exhaustively dealt with. The chapters on "Vermin" (by Tom Speedy), on "The Pheasant," and "Diseases of Game" are particularly valuable. The chapter on "The Partridge" suggests that the author is not very well acquainted with partridge-shooting in the South of England. The keeper cannot do much for the partridge beyond protecting it from the poacher, and the only cure for a poor season is a blank season. Owners would be far better advised to leave the partridges alone for a season when they are scarce than to spend large sums of money on extra keepers. It is the paucity of birds spared by the guns in February that is the prime cause of the paucity of birds to shoot in the following September. But, minor criticism apart, this is most emphatically a volume that should be purchased for every country-house library. It is interesting to note that its author is the distiller of "White Horse" whisky.

Enchanting Chester

One of the most enchanting cities in England is Chester. It is impossible not to be fascinated by the architecture of this northern town, however little you may know about the art. Its half-timbered houses, its quaint arcades above street level, and its many relics of ancient days make it a place well worth a long visit of exploration. Messrs. A. and C. Black recently issued a book on the town by Francis Duckworth (7*s.* 6*d.* net), illustrated in colour by E. Harrison Compton. The book is, indeed, worthy of its subject. Mr. Duckworth does not pose as a guide, but endeavours most successfully to give an atmospherical impression of the beautiful old town. He is ably supported by the illustrator. Mr. Compton has reproduced in his water-colour drawings the distinctive romantic character of the town. This beautiful volume should have a large sale, particularly among Americans, who now rarely fail to visit Chester when "doing" England.

"The Romance of the Ship"

This is the latest of the "Romance" series of works published by Messrs. Seeley and Co. (5*s.*), and written by that nautical expert, Mr. E. Keble Chatterton. Commencing with the hypothesis that the first man ventured himself on the face of the waters sitting astride a log, the history of waterborne craft is briefly and chattily carried through the ages up to the D Class of submarines and the super-Dreadnoughts, with the *Mauretania* thrown in as a makeweight. *The Romance of the Ship* is as readable as such a compressed compilation can be made, but it appears to me that while the ship is present in every line, the Romance has been lost in the lack of space in which to deal with it. For instance, the exploits of the *Thermopylæ* and the *Sir Lancelot* have to be dismissed in less than half a page between them, and the *Cutty Sark*, *The Black Adder*, and other renowned clippers do not find a line to themselves. But there is a lesson running through the book, writ large for all to read. The dilatoriness of the Admiralty and the repugnance which that body has ever had to all innovation until the new improvements have been adopted by other Powers is well brought out. The struggle against steam, the retention of paddles long after the superior efficiency of the screw had been proved, the retention of muzzle-loading guns up to 1880, all go to emphasise this dislike for change. The work is profusely illustrated, and is produced well, and considering the limitations alluded to the author deserves congratulations, though I cannot but think that he appears in better guise in his larger works.

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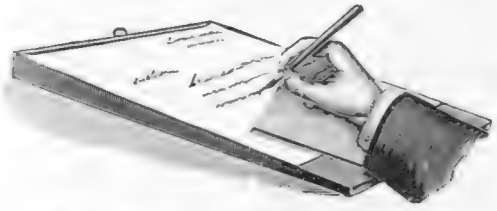

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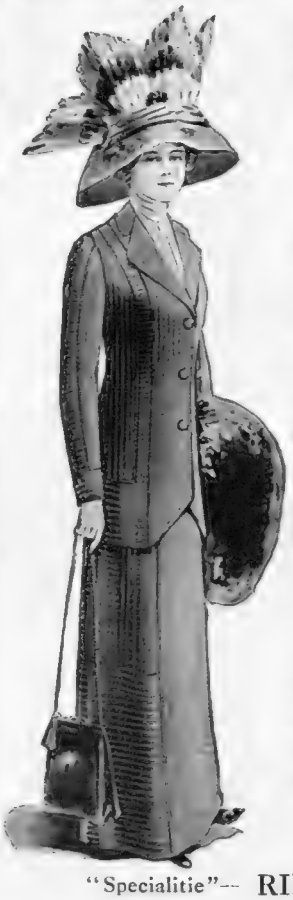

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GOLF NOTES

The "News of the World" Tournament

This year this important professional tournament was played at Sunningdale, and proved as interesting as any of its predecessors. It was favoured by three days of the most perfect October weather that our generation has experienced, each day being an almost exact replica of the other, and players were, therefore, not confronted, as sometimes happens, with sudden changes in the condition of the putting-greens. In other words, the weather allowed the test of play to be ideally fair. The result has been another triumph for that admirable player, James Sherlock, whose name has had to be written by critics several times this year as the winner of great tournaments. It will be remembered that he won both at Alton and Portmarnock, while he finished first in the Southern Section qualifying test at Stoke Poges, an auspicious omen of his final position in the supreme match-play stages on which I am commenting.

America's New Golf Champion: Miss Dorothy Campbell

Miss Campbell, who recently won the Women's Championship of the United States, is a native of Edinburgh, and learnt most of her golf at North Berwick. She won the Ladies' Championship of Great Britain in 1909 before migrating to Hamilton, Ontario, where she now resides

Sherlock's Success—

I attribute Sherlock's great success in large measure to his change of course. Formerly he was at Oxford, then near Radley, and on neither of these courses did he get a proper chance of developing his game. Since his appointment at Stoke Poges he has been able to practise on a first-class inland course, and has also had the opportunity of playing with the better players that that large and flourishing club possesses among its members. Some have attributed his recent progress to the particular ball that he plays with, but I am unable to agree with this view. I have never yet seen the club or the ball which would turn a second-class player into a first-class one, nor which would so improve a fine player's form as to make him positively irresistible.

—And the Secret of It

I think the true secret lies in the change of course. Who shall compute, for instance, how great has been the influence on Braid's phenomenal successes in the Open Championship of his position as professional at Walton Heath, a fine, big course calculated to keep his game at full stretch and in constant practice. I am also particularly interested in Sherlock, for, like Sandy Herd, he is one of the few leading professionals who have stuck to the old-fashioned two-handed grip. That the new-fangled grip is not conducive to infallible accuracy was fairly well proved by Duncan's erratic game in the final, while Sherlock, with the old method, apparently broke his adversary's heart by his remorseless straightness in every department of the game. I have had occasion before to express my appreciation of Sherlock's fine and modest nature, and am once more delighted to add my warm congratulations on this last achievement, which marks him out as one of the two best golfers of the year.

New Talent

The tournament was, as usual, instrumental in bringing fresh talent to light. Cyril Hughes, who hails from the Hoylake district, made a most brilliant début by beating Taylor and Edgar, and only succumbing to Duncan on the nineteenth green. Bannister, of Bamford, and Whiting, of Criccieth, were two other young players who greatly distinguished themselves. The former beat Tom Vardon and Matthews, the Welsh champion, and was defeated in the semi-final by Sherlock, while Whiting vanquished two well-known players, Fulford and E. P. Gaudin. The match of the tournament, both for closeness and fine play on both sides, was that in which Tom Ball overcame Harry Vardon at the twentieth hole. The effort of the latter when three down at the turn to save the match must have reminded onlookers of the Vardon of the great old days. ERNEST LEHMANN.

HOCKEY

Is Hockey on the Wane?

Statistics, it is said, can be made to prove anything. A writer in a contemporary has taken the trouble to go through the official handbook of the Hockey Association, and to compare the numbers of the clubs affiliated to the various county associations with the corresponding numbers shown in last season's handbook. The result of this investigation shows

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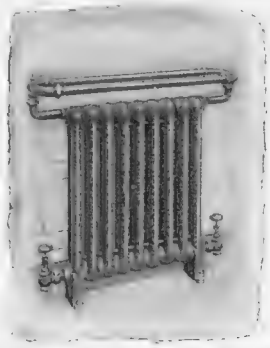

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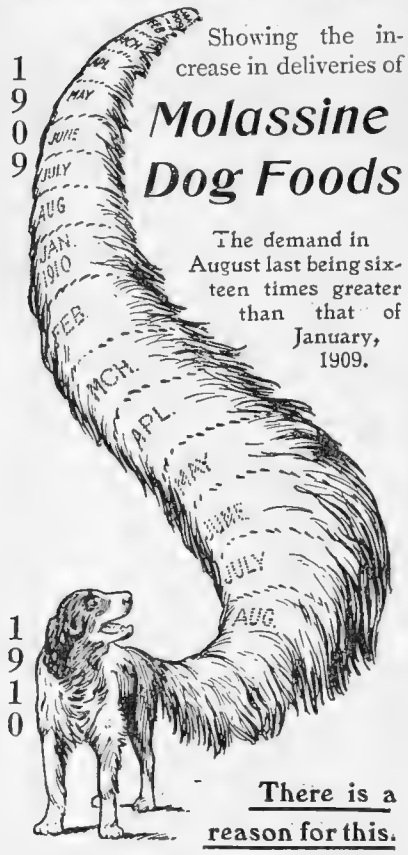

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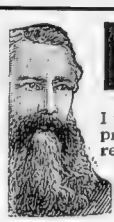

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A Sea-Angling Competition

SKETCHES OF A TYPICAL BRITISH SPORT: BY H. M. BATEMAN

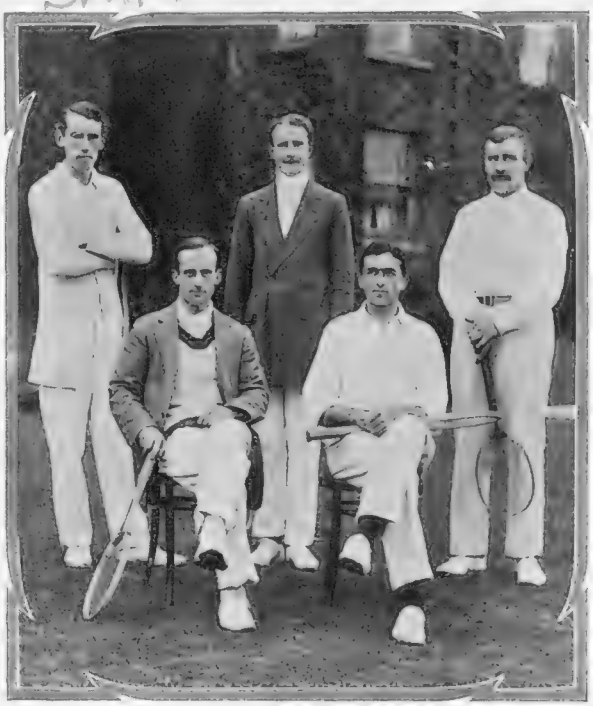
that although in the case of a few counties there are more clubs affiliated than heretofore, the majority of the counties show a falling off in their memberships ranging from one club in several counties to as many as five in Sussex and Devonshire and seven in Staffordshire. From this he deduces that hockey is, apparently, on the wane. He admits that the ground difficulty is largely responsible for this. Every year it becomes increasingly hard, especially in the more populous suburbs of large towns, to keep hockey, cricket, and tennis grounds out of the clutches of the rapacious builder. Several prominent clubs in the South, and one at least, Wolverhampton, in the Midlands, have died this year principally through losing their grounds, and there are other lesser lights which have suffered in the same way. But his main argument is that the development of the game as a fine art tends to arrest progress, and that hockey is not so much a game for all as it might have been.

One Effect of a Boom

It is, of course, well understood that a game can be killed by becoming too scientific; but I don't think that we have reached that point in hockey yet, or that we shall ever reach it, because hockey is a game which can be enjoyed by anyone who can play it moderately well. Every game which undergoes a boom attracts a certain number of players, whose enthusiasm for it is only accidental and transitory. They form clubs and play because the game is the fashion, and as long as there are other clubs and players in their vicinity who are in the chrysalis stage, too, all goes well. But unless they can get beyond that stage their interest soon begins to cool down. They feel that they are getting left. "This game," they complain, "is becoming too exacting and too scientific for us," and very soon one hears that they have "chucked it." Or again, a club may go to the wall because it gets a bad name. I know of one club which had quite an unenviable reputation last year for playing a rough game. What was the result? Other clubs fought shy of it, and it has ceased to exist. In fact, from one cause or another, a little weeding-out of this kind is inevitable where there is a boom, and ultimately does more good than harm. It really resembles the expulsion of the drones from the hive.

A Comparison and the Conclusion

I remember the lawn-tennis boom of the early 'eighties, and how it was followed by a reaction of sufficient magnitude to be dignified with the name of a slump. People shook their heads and said that lawn tennis was on the wane. It was really undergoing a sort of chastening process—a weeding out of the drones—from which it emerged strengthened and solidified, to spread over the whole of the civilised world. In the same way this slight falling-off in the number of clubs which play hockey only means that the game is being solidified. To say that it is on the wane is clean contrary to the evidence of the senses. One has only got to keep one's eyes and one's ears open in order to be assured that that suggestion is false. It may not be one of the greatest of games, but it has heaps of points in its favour, the chief being its absolute and uncompromising amateurism and its abhorrence of prizes and pots. The fact that men have played hockey for so many years just for the love of the sport and for "honour and glory" is a sufficient guarantee of its vitality.



STANDING (*left to right*): A. Wallis Myers (Capt.), F. G. Lowe, C. P. Dixon SITTING: R. B. Powell, A. E. Beamish

The Drive Club Lawn Tennis Team

Now on their way to South Africa to take part in a formidable series of matches, including three "Tests" at Durban, Johannesburg, and Cape Town. The tour will last for about three months

LAWN TENNIS

An Enterprising Crusade

A few years ago the Drive Club, which has its headquarters at the Putney Bridge end of the Fulham Road, was a comparatively insignificant institution. But its members were keen and its managers enterprising. They started an open tournament in the autumn of 1908—their courts being of cement—which has since become a permanent fixture. It has also had the effect of adding the names of a round dozen or more of well-known players to the roll of members. And now the Club has launched out a bit further, and is sending out a team to tour in South Africa. They had an enthusiastic send-off (at which I was glad to be able to be present) from Waterloo, and are now well on their way to Cape Town, where they are expected to arrive not long after another distinguished traveller. Their programme of matches—which is a pretty long one—includes three "Test" matches against South Africa, but it must not be forgotten that they are a club team only and do not profess to represent England, although, as a matter of fact, they cannot be said to be appreciably weaker than our best team for the Davis Cup would have been if that competition had not, for reasons which are now matters of history, fallen through. The full strength of South Africa is a pretty tough proposition, as any member of the All-England Club team which took part in a similar tour two or three seasons ago will tell you, but although I hardly expect the present tourists to win the rubber, I don't fancy they will go down badly unless the climate has something to say to it.

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RACING: The Cambridgeshire.

By CARBINE

Lady Torrington's Colours

There is such a thing as novices' luck on the Turf. New owners often have a run of good fortune to begin with, and they are worth following at those times. A number of people remembered this at Sandown Park, and backed Lady Torrington's horse for the chief steeplechase. I happened to have had a very good bet about Veglo in this race, so it was with mixed feelings that I saw him just beaten by Circassian's Pride after an exciting struggle after they had cleared the last jump. Still, we like the ladies to win, and I expect we shall see Lady Torrington's colours frequently to the fore during the ensuing jumping season, which had a capital send-off at Sandown on Saturday.

Last Words on the Big Race

I am told that a number of "Bystanders" stand to net substantial sums if Electra wins the Cambridgeshire to-day, they having invested on our double—Verney and Electra—at long odds. The mare is easier to back than she was at this time last week for the simple reason that Frank Wootton will not ride her, his services being claimed for Lonawand. I am naturally sorry that our hope in this race will not have the assistance of undoubtedly the finest jockey of his weight now riding, but her chance of success is exceedingly bright all the same. Mr. Gilpin will certainly get a trustworthy rider for her, and I see no real reason to fancy her less strongly than I have done all along. Of course, I am not so oblivious of the surprises of the Turf as to ignore other possibilities. The handicap is, doubtless, an extremely good one, and I confess to fearing danger from more than one direction. I believe, for example, that the Whatcombe stable will be formidable, and it may be well to save over their chosen candidate. Next to Electra, however, I regard Thalia as the best thing of the race. I think highly of that stylish colt, Whisk Broom, nor do I forget the claims of Halcyon, whose people are very confident. But I see no reason at the eleventh hour to desert **Electra**, and as an "each way" string I shall take **Thalia**.

Other Events at Newmarket

This will be the last meeting of the year at Newmarket, and the programme has many attractions. On Thursday the Dewhurst Plate may help us to solve the interesting two-year-old problem. Prince Palatine, Pietri, and the other cracks will, I fancy, find it not easy to concede the weight to **King William**. On the same afternoon I shall expect **Mushroom** to carry his top weight successfully in the Richmond Nursery, and in the probable absence of Bayardo and Bronzino, the Jockey Club Cup may be won by **Charlemont**. On the following day the Queensberry Handicap may go to **Jack Snipe**, and in the Houghton Stakes **St. Nat** should win if he is worth thinking of as the best two-year-old of the season.

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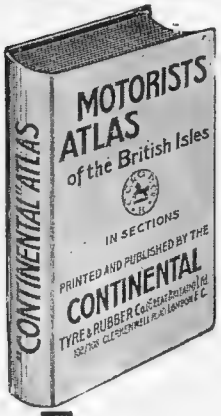

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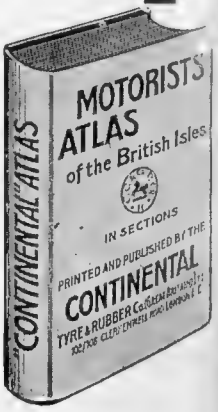

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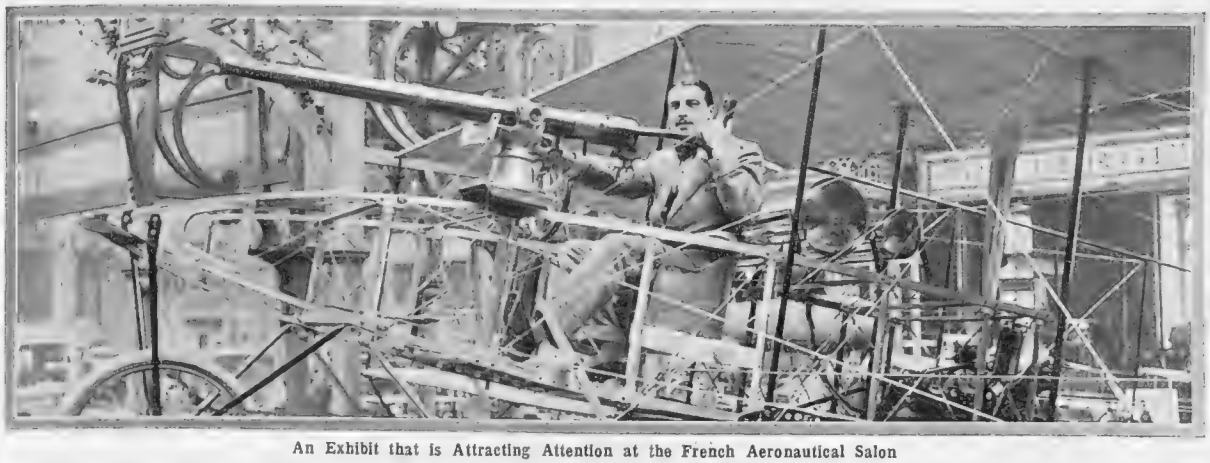

An Exhibit that is Attracting Attention at the French Aeronautical Salon

A Military Voisin Biplane fitted with a quick-firing Hotchkiss gun. The gun is mounted on an axle, thus enabling it to be trained in any direction. The Salon, which is being held in the Grand Palais, Paris, remains open until November 2

MOTORING : BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Prince Francis of Teck

The illness of Prince Francis of Teck, which, unhappily, has taken such a serious turn, is bad news, and in all Motordom will arouse anxious concern and much sympathy. Since Prince Francis came to the chief position at the Royal Automobile Club he has been an admitted force for good not only to the Club, which under his genial and tactful chairmanship has progressed in prestige and numerical strength considerably, but to the motor movement everywhere. He possesses in a quite notable degree the power to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable, and his influence can always be relied upon to make the crooked path straight. I merely voice the sentiment common to motorists of every class in deeply deploring that he should be removed from active participation in the affairs of his Club and the wider field of motoring politics, and in expressing an earnest wish for his speedy and complete recovery.

A Lady Motorist in India

Mrs. S. K. Mullick, of Calcutta, at the wheel of her 16-20 h.-p. Hotchkiss car

The Knight Engine

Mr. Knight, the inventor of the sliding-valve engine, which has made Daimlers famous the world over, will be reading the specification of the cars which the 1911 season will see upon our roads with much interest and no little gratification just now. When he first arrived, and even after Daimlers had, much daring, decided to adopt his engine as the power-plant for all their cars, the experts stood up, and with a loud voice remarked that "something was dead within them, and what was dead was hope"—concerning the future of that particular invention, at any rate. The expert was wrong in his forebodings. The engine has been the dominant factor in the creation of the most successful commercial concern in the British industry, and as the years have brought nothing except confirmation of Knight's claims, it is not surprising that other motor manufacturers have elected to cater for the ever-growing demand by fitting one or two of their models with this form of power generator.

Toward Valve Efficiency

Their hesitancy at the outset was, of course, natural. To depart upon experiment that might bring catastrophe was not of the essence of sound business—particularly when the valve mechanism they knew was functioning satisfactorily. Certainly all business is more or less speculation, but it is one of the prime essentials to success and the upbuilding of a large organisation that the elements of risk be reduced to the lowest possible quantity. Here was a case where an apparently unnecessary risk would be run. But somebody had to do the pioneer work, and the lot fell upon Daimlers. The Knight engine "made good," and its sponsors reaped the reward of virtue, or far-sight, or happy chance. Now that it has established itself as a commercial proposition of highly remunerative parts, other manufacturers are adopting it, and Olympia will show at least three makes of cars which rely upon it.

Wellman's Essay

We are conjured by the *Daily Telegraph* to admire the pluck of Wellman and the crew of the mammoth dirigible which essayed to cross the Atlantic. Very well. After the fine pluck of the *Daily Telegraph* in filling the best part of three of its mammoth pages by writing around the fact that no news of the dirigible had been received that day, it would be churlish to withhold appreciation. But our applause would have been forthcoming without invitation. We always admire daring. It is a national characteristic. And Mr. Wellman, least of all, has occasion to complain of our parsimony in this regard. We have admired him before—when he set out to forestall Dr. Cook in the discovery of the North Pole. We admire him to-day in a defeat which, as the *Telegraph* points out, is more glorious than victory. And we shall undoubtedly admire him when he turns up with a new and revised airship, with or without "equilibrators," to circumnavigate the globe. But while (in all sincerity) we hail his undoubted courage, we are obliged to observe that its method of expression is made up so as in many respects to resemble plain foolhardiness.

Miss Langston, who Won the Cup for the Most Consistent Runs for the Year given by the M.C.U.

Foredoomed to Failure

The attempt was foredoomed to failure. If Mr. Wellman did not know that, he has a faith in the constancy and the clemency of the elements which is touching. Because the success of the trip depended absolutely upon favourable winds. It was hoped, with the hope that "never is, but always to be blest," that the winds *would* keep favourable. A month was occupied in waiting upon the humour of Boreus—until not even the fertility of the *Telegraph* could find a new nut, or bolt, or piece of embalmed beef in the ship to weave a story around. A start had to be made (the *Telegraph* was paying part of the cost and an American paper the other part), and a start *was* made—in a fog, with engines equal to about twenty miles an hour, and 3,000 miles of sea ahead. It was known—it must have been known—that no aero-engine ever built could force a passage against strong adverse winds playing upon such an enormous gas envelope. The sole and slender chance of success lay in the air current setting steadily and fairly constantly for five or six days and nights in the right direction. It did not—of course. It blew the ship out of its track north; then turned it, and sent it away due south. As the American would say, it made that dirigible look as cheap as thirty cents, and probably the navigators felt no more expensive. They "saved the juice" and jettisoned the spirit, and finally most gladly dropped themselves and their lifeboat; while a few thousand pounds worth of uninhabited gas-bag and machinery went off on a voyage of discovery of its own.

Dirigible Limitations

Let it go. The future has little for dirigibles along present lines, and it is at least highly dubious that any other lines will better serve. Certainly the Clement-Bayard came through from Paris to the hangar which was erected for it on Wormwood Scrubbs (and in record time), when greybeards of to-day were young, but clement weather counted again for far more on that trip than Clement-Bayard. The airship may have a certain utility in time of war, but—it would be well to come to an agreement with the enemy that hostilities were off when the wind blew! There is no reason in the world why men who so desired should not spend time and money upon such forms of daring dissipation. This is a free (trade) country, and a man's fair share is all he can get, and we may do what we like with our own; but it's a pity, nevertheless, that their concentration is not upon a means of aerial progression more in consonance with the conclusions which all experience so far has forced upon us.

An Elegant Bedford 18 h.-p. Cabriolet

The car has a wheel-base of 9ft., with a four-cylinder engine, dual ignition, and Bedford self-starter. The chassis and body and all fittings have been produced on the premises by Bedford Motors, Ltd., and the wheels are fitted with heavy section Goodyear Quick Detachable Tyres

Touching the Show

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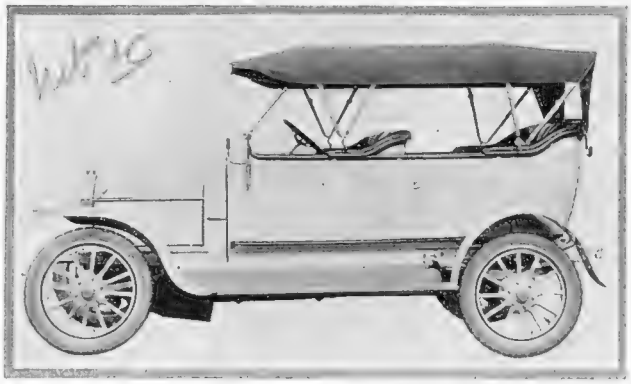
gratitude in a quarter and for a reason they probably never once suspected. They have just provided we who are concerned with the literary side of automobilism with a justification for a very welcome, temporary, breakaway from the severely technical matter relating to cars, which occupies us waking and sleeping for weeks before the great Olympia Show. We are, I am sure, duly appreciative. And that gives me the opportunity to urge upon manufacturers who have not yet sent in particulars of their 1911 models the importance of doing so at their earliest convenience. It is proposed to make the special Show issues of The Bystander even more comprehensive than usual, and although I have been constantly inspecting chassis and car accessories for the past month, I cannot hope to cover the whole ground before the Show, and should, therefore, much appreciate the early receipt of detail specifications, with photographs where possible.



The Rover "Fifteen"

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Motorists—Unite!

A note in the minutes of the last meeting of the Royal Automobile Club will be read with regret by those who are concerned to see motorists one and indivisible upon all matters of common interest, instead of three, very often divisible, as at present. When Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the Secretary of the Motor Union, ascended to the service of the State as Secretary of the newly formed Road Board, the chief stumbling-block to fusion between the Motor Union and one of the other two organisations was removed. The M.U. expressed its willingness to join either the R.A.C., out of which it came, or the A.A.—the largest, the most virile, and, on the road, the most useful of all motoring organisations. The conditions of amalgamation were absolute equality and the formation of a new, and independent, and all-embracing body, to consist of members of the three existing societies, leaving, however, the R.A.C. its social organisation and sporting prerogatives. The R.A.C. declined the new organisation idea, and offered the M.U. entry as an associated club under its existing scheme. The M.U. has now refused the conditions.

"Do It Now"

I am afraid the M.U. had no other course, unless it was content to sacrifice its dignity as a society ostensibly covering the whole of the United

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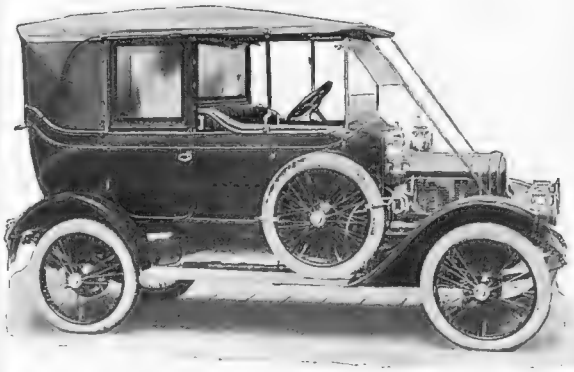

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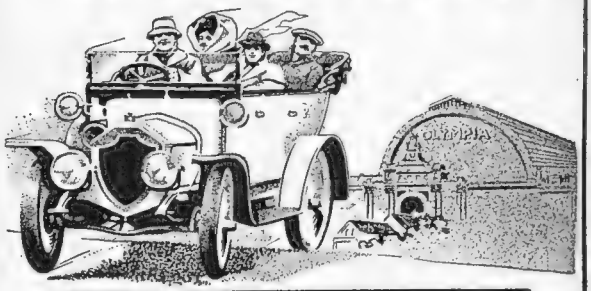

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WIMBLEDON.—Noble RESIDENCE, with 4½ acres, first-class stabling and garage, and 2 cottages. On the crest of the hill, with South aspect and superb views, in supremely beautiful grounds, shaded by grand old trees. 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatories, 12 bedrooms, ground-floor kitchen, and servants' hall. Beautiful lawns, summer and winter lawn tennis courts, walled garden, and paddock. Main drainage, electric light, water, and gas. Heating system.

RENT, £400. ALSO FOR SALE.

—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, S.W., and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

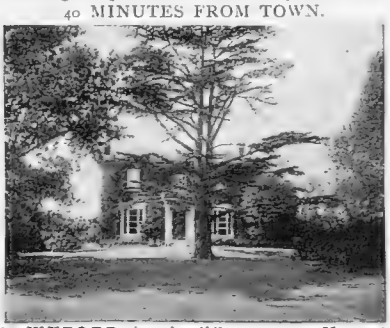
DELIGHTFUL SEASIDE RESIDENCE.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA (in best residential quarter, yet only 5 minutes from station).—To be SOLD, Freehold or Leasehold, an extremely well-built and prepossessing RESIDENCE, facing East, and standing in its own gardens of ¾ of an acre, including kitchen garden, full-sized tennis lawn, rosary, pergola, revolving summer-house, etc. The accommodation comprises:—

Fine hall (18ft. by 14ft.), 2 staircases, large nursery, drawing room, dining room (with large bay), 6 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

FINE VIEWS.
EXCELLENT GOLF COURSE
within a mile.—Photos and further particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

HUNTING. GOLF. GRAVEL SOIL.
In a delightful position on outskirts of quaint village.
40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.



TWYFORD (near).—"SOUTHLAKE HOUSE," Waltham St. Lawrence.—Attractive Freehold GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in reposeful position, away from motor traffic. 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, servants' hall, 2 staircases, etc. Stabling for 5. Well-shaded pleasure

GROUNDS OF OVER 5 ACRES.

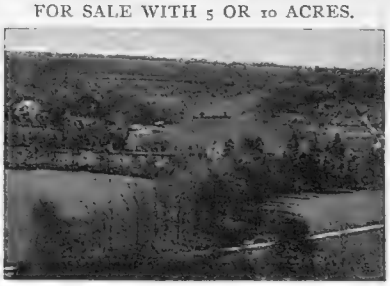
Beautiful ornamental and tennis lawns screened by verdant shrubberies; herbaceous borders, gravelled walks, heated greenhouse, kitchen gardens, thriving orchard, paddock.

HAMPTON AND SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on November 15 (unless previously disposed of).—Solicitors, Messrs. CROSSMAN, PRICHARD, CROSSMAN and BLOCK, 16, Theobald's Road, W.C. Details of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

£2,000 FREEHOLD.—Henley-on-Thames (near), in a picturesque, quiet village, close to the river and station. For SALE, or might be LET, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with a most delightful interior. Lounge hall, 2 reception, bath, and 9 bedrooms, 2 staircases, etc. Garden with tennis lawn. Main drainage and water supply.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FOR SALE WITH 5 OR 10 ACRES.



SURREY (40 minutes from City and West End; in a favourite part, close to 2 golf courses).—An attractive RESIDENCE,

600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL,

in a beautiful position, surrounded by lovely old grounds. Long carriage drive with lodge. 3 reception, *billiard*, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. Stabling, garage, and several useful outbuildings. *All modern comforts and conveniences.* Pretty grounds with tennis lawns, flower and kitchen gardens. Swimming bath, etc. More land can be had.—Personally known to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.
Grounds of 2 or 4 acres, perfectly matured.

RICHMOND PARK (practically adjoining, in delightfully secluded position, near railway station).—Unfurnished, modern Tudor-style RESIDENCE, with large entrance hall, 4 handsome reception (drawing room 30ft. by 25ft. 6in.), bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; ground-floor offices. Stabling for 4, coachman's quarters. Electric light, gas, Company's water. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, range of glass.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and High Street, Wimbledon Common.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"GALLOPS HOMESTEAD," DITCHLING, SUSSEX (2½ miles from Burgess Hill Station).—A delightfully quaint RESIDENCE, built chiefly of red brick and timber, with thatched roof, approached by a drive nearly a ¼ mile long.

The House contains: LARGE PANELLED LOUNGE HALL, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-rate offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house, 2 men's rooms, etc.; the gardens are most tastefully disposed, and include 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, pergolas, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; SMALL MODEL FARMERY, with cowsheds, pig-styes, etc., and 5-ROOMED COTTAGE, meadow and woodland, in all 54 ACRES. To be OFFERED by AUCTION on November 8th.—Illustrated particulars of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARREN, MURTON and MILLAR, 45, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE
which has only been in the possession of two families since the REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

50 MINUTES FROM LONDON. — To be SOLD, a delightful old HUNTING-BOX, occupying a pleasant position on gravel soil, and situated well away from all motor noise and dust. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, 21 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; acetylene gas; stabling for 7; the gardens extend to about 10 acres, and include full-sized tennis lawns, 2 walled kitchen gardens, orchard, and well-timbered parklike meadow-land, in all about 70 ACRES: golf links 1½ miles distant; hunting 6 days a week.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,806)

BY DIRECTION OF SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

HERTFORDSHIRE. — FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as "THE CHANTRY," BISHOP'S STORTFORD,

comprising the charming old-world Residence, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and hall, good offices; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage, coachman's cottage; the whole occupying an area of about 4 ACRES. To be OFFERED for SALE, in one lot, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, November 8th, 1910.—Illustrated particulars, with plans, can be obtained of Messrs. W. GEE and SON, Solicitors, Bishop's Stortford; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. G. E. SWORDER and SONS, Bishop's Stortford; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

SURREY.—A compact FREEHOLD FARM, known as "COURT LEES," SOUTH GODSTONE (2½ miles from Godstone Station, S.E.R.), comprising, a really good HOUSE, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; with stabling for 5 horses, well-laid-out gardens, small orchard, farm-buildings, about 130 acres of meadow-land, 50 acres of sound arable land now in grass, and an ornamental wood of 5 acres, the total area being just over 185 ACRES. The property is bounded by good roads, and is intersected by a stream, and is about 1 hour from London Bridge, Cannon Street, and Charing Cross. Company's water is laid to within 400 yards of the north boundary. Tithe last year averaged only 1s. per acre. No land tax. The whole in good order. Date of AUCTION, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, at the Mart, E.C.—Particulars of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARD, BOWIE and Co., 7, King Street, Cheapside. E.C., or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above delightful old RESIDENCE, built round a small courtyard, and standing in 14 acres of fine old grounds. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; acetylene gas; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, and man's room; 2 cottages; the grounds include croquet lawn, fruit and flower gardens, and meadow-land.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,845)

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,761)

435FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON DRY SOIL, COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above artistic, well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position. The accommodation comprises: panelled lounge hall, billiard, 2 reception, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas; excellent supply of water; well-fitted laundry; stabling for 6; large coach-house and 4 good rooms for men; cottage; picturesque gardens and grounds, rose garden with flagged terrace walks, tennis and croquet lawns, and productive kitchen garden.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,798)

OVERLOOKING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS.
HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the clubhouse: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

—Apply, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Street, W. (4,748)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HERTS (in a favourite district, adjacent to first-class golf links, near station, main L. and N.W. Ry., whence London is reached in about 45 minutes).—To be SOLD, the above unusually attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing about 400ft. up, on gravel soil, commanding fine views. It is well away from motor dust, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, handsome billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices. The House is heated, lighted by gas, and water is laid on; certified drainage; unusually charming pleasure grounds of a matured and very picturesque character, with full-sized tennis lawn, etc; small orchard, kitchen garden, and greenhouse, in all about 1½ acres; excellent site for building stabling or garage; hunting with staghounds and foxhounds. Unusual educational advantages.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,498)

TO CITY MEN FOND OF HUNTING (within easy distance of Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds Kennels).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly

200 ACRES,

together with a comfortable Residence (see view above), containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, and offices; pretty, inexpensive gardens and grounds, 2 farmhouses, cottage, and buildings; good shooting. Station 1½ miles, and Horsham 4 miles, with excellent service of trains to London.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (24,690)

KENTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—£2,100 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive, well-built, old-fashioned HOUSE (see view above), in a favourite district, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery between Liss and Petersfield: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, large conservatory; stabling for 3; beautifully timbered secluded grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, and well-stocked kitchen garden; water laid on; heated by radiators; about a mile from station. — Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,681)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

IN A HEALTHY PINE DISTRICT.

NEAR STATION, AND 6 MILES FROM GUILDFORD.—To be SOLD, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It stands on gravel and sand soil, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 servants' bedrooms, bath, and w.c.; unrivalled views are obtained from the House; excellent water supply and drainage. The grounds include tennis lawn, orchard, woodlands, and comprise in all nearly

6 ACRES.

Price, £3,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,190)

CHARMING AND VALUABLE

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

OF

72 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.

Midway between

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

MEDIUM-SIZED

COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.

Two Cottages.

Near Two Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.

Two miles from a town and station.

Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,571)

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY.

UNIQUE SITUATION. GRAND VIEWS.

DRY POSITION. LOW PRICE.

THE ABOVE, one of the most charming RESIDENCES in this well-favoured and good social neighbourhood, to be SOLD. It contains: 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling, coach-house, etc.; well-matured and very pretty pleasure grounds, productive garden, and woodlands and grass land; complete model farmery, bailiff's house, cottage, etc., in all ABOUT 80 ACRES.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,973)

BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT (although only about 12 miles from London, 1 mile from station with excellent service of trains to the City and West End).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, gardens, woods, and grass lands of about 15 acres. Contains: handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard room, about 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; water laid on, modern drainage; good stabling and outbuildings. UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLACES OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,772)

NO. 19, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W. —MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE have been favoured with instructions to SELL, by PRIVATE TREATY, the CROWN LEASE, held for over 50 years at a nominal ground rent, of this very attractive and well-planned, medium-sized RESIDENCE; or, alternatively, if not previously SOLD, the Lease will be OFFERED for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on November 30 next.—Particulars, with orders to view, may be obtained of the Auctioneers at their offices, 10, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

HERTFORDSHIRE (perfectly rural and first-class residential and sporting district, 45 minutes from London).

ATTRACTIVE TUDOR HOUSE,

finely timbered park, 76 ACRES; stabling for 15; 2 entrance lodges, cottages, farmery; ELECTRIC LIGHT, all modern conveniences. £12,000, FREEHOLD.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,665)

OVERLOOKING HOOK HEATH GOLF LINKS (under 2 miles from Woking, in a high, healthy situation, on sand, and with grand views).—£3,500 will PURCHASE the above picturesque modern FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, with well-laid-out grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, etc.: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, lounge hall with fireplace, all modern conveniences; electric light; Company's water; more land if desired.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,679)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

By order of Herbert E. Burbidge, Esq., on his taking an important appointment in Canada.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE WITH 36½ ACRES.

SURREY (between DORKING and HORSHAM, 1½ miles from station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above RESIDENCE, WITH OLD OAK BEAMED CEILINGS AND GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; stabling, coach-house or motor-house, small farmery, and cottage. PRETTY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS, with full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen and flower garden, etc.; 11½ acres arable land, and 25 acres pasture; hunting and shooting in district. Rent, £133 10s.; 7 years' Lease. Premium, £100. Rates and taxes only £6.—Recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENLEY (Surrey; 10 minutes from station and 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, the above well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, containing: 2 halls, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, conservatory; stabling for 2, coach-house, motor-house; LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 2½ ACRES; gas and Company's water; main drainage. Price only £3,600, or near offer.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,877)

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

DELIGHTFUL DORKING.—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, standing in EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES: square hall, 4 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, housekeeper's room, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, large coach-house; range of glasshouses. PRICE, £3,750, Freehold.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,377)

PRICE REDUCED TO £2,700. A VERY CHEAP PROPERTY.

CHILTERN HILLS.—The above attractive, artistically designed RESIDENCE, built at great expense for owner's own occupation; standing high;

COMMANDING GOOD VIEWS.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, bathroom, 3 w.c.'s, servants' hall; motor-house, bungalow, and cottage; pretty grounds and picturesque woodland of 6 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

HANTS (between Basingstoke and Andover).—To be LET, Furnished, for 1 year, this picturesque RESIDENCE, in exceptionally well-timbered grounds: 7 bed, bath, 3 or 4 sitting rooms; stabling, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,980)

HANTS.—To be LET, Furnished, for 6 months, well-appointed RESIDENCE: 14 bed, bath, 4 reception; stabling 6; handsomely timbered grounds; South aspect; dry soil; gas and telephone. Rent moderate.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,979)

SURREY (London in 45 minutes).—Very attractive, modern RESIDENCE, near station and links, and well back from road: 10 bed and dressing, bath, 2 reception; garden 2 acres; gas and main drainage. Rent, Furnished, 4½gns., or offer; would be Let, Unfurnished, at £125 per annum. Photos and full details.—Agents HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,939)

HEYTHROP, V.W.H., COTSWOLD, ETC.

IN THE FAVOURITE DISTRICT OF CHIPPING NORTON.—To be LET, a very comfortable RESIDENCE, situated high on dry soil; South aspect: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling 8. Low Rent for Hunting Season. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,698)

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

550FT. ABOVE THE SEA, FACING SOUTH.

BUCKS (45 minutes from London). — To be SOLD, an artistic modern gabled RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position on the crest of a hill. The accommodation comprises: billiard, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage, with pit and chauffeur's 3-roomed cottage; the gardens extend to about 5 acres, are delightful in character and inexpensive to maintain; there are numerous woodland walks, wilderness garden, tennis court, etc.—Box K 4,844, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

55 MINUTES OF TOWN.

Occupying a high and entirely secluded position, on gravel soil, with beautiful views.

TO BE SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in the county. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; telephone; Company's water; main drainage; stabling for 6, men's rooms, farmery; the pleasure gardens and grounds extend to some 30 acres, and are well timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, woodland walks and parklike meadow-land; cottage.—Box K 4,799, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, on annual tenancy, a charming COUNTRY HOUSE, situated in about 100 acres of undulating parklands, beautifully timbered and wooded, 2 miles from station and 43 miles from London. THE RESIDENCE is handsomely furnished and modernly fitted, containing: spacious dining, drawing, breakfast, and morning rooms, billiard room, library, and boudoir, 12 capital bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and w.c. THE DOMESTIC ACCOMMODATION is most adequate, comprising servants' hall, kitchen, butler's pantry, and a range of dry cellaring; acetylene gas throughout; also coach-house, stabling for 4, with man's room over, laundry, etc. THE GROUNDS are tastefully laid out with lawns and flower gardens, and there are well-stocked and productive kitchen garden, 4 glasshouses, and prettily situated fish ponds, with boat-house and boats; shooting over about 200 acres, 65 acres of which are capital cover; the sanitary arrangements are perfect, and there is an excellent supply of water.—Box KF 1,714, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Box K 4,710, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER HOME.
TO BE LET FOR A FEW MONTHS OR UP TO 3 YEARS.

NEAR THE SUSSEX COAST (with delightful landscape and marine views).—The RESIDENCE combines all the charm of

AN OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE,

with modern luxuries, including electric lighting, hot-water heating, telephone, Company's water, and main drainage. The original structure has been added to with the greatest care, and the early English style has been followed in the minutest detail. The accommodation includes hall (20ft. by 19ft.), dining room (23ft. by 17ft.), study (19ft. by 19ft.), and billiard room, all

PANELLED IN MAGNIFICENT OAK WORK,

in the various styles of the Elizabethan period, drawing room panelled in vieux rose silk, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, garage, and men's accommodation.

THE DELIGHTFUL OLD ENGLISH GARDENS

are a special feature and must be seen to be appreciated; golf 2 miles; hunting; 2 miles from seaside resort.—Box KF 870, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MAYFAIR, JUST OUT OF PARK LANE.

FOR SALE (owner buying larger house).—Price, £4,500, although £4,000 was recently spent in decorations, new drains, and improvements: 7 or 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, fine hall, dining room, boudoir, "Adam" drawing room; modernised and up to date; service lift; electric light; South aspect; quiet position. This House has cost owner £8,000, who will now Sell at price named above. One of the most perfect houses of its size in Town.—Box K 9,090, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OWEN WALLIS & CO.,

2, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.

Telephone: 1655 Mayfair. Telegrams: "Owenisme." London.

Amid heather and gorse-covered Commons.

40 MINUTES SOUTH.—The above picturesque 2-storeyed RESIDENCE, enjoying South aspect, and standing on sandy soil.

Square hall,	9 bedrooms,	water and gas,
billiard room,	3 bathrooms,	telephone,
4 reception rooms,	dressing rooms,	good offices.

Stabling, garage, living rooms, and outbuildings; modern drainage; hot-water radiators; greenhouse, conservatory, vineries, etc.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS OF NEARLY 4 ACRES.

—Full details of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 2, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

5 MINUTES GOLF.

BUCKS (80 minutes from Town).—To LET, at a very low Rent, a capital RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; stabling of 7 stalls; main drainage, water, gas; heated by radiators. Fine views. Hunting. Gravel soil.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 2, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.
FINE OAK BEAMS.
PANELLING AND OPEN FIREPLACES.
GRAND POSITION, 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

FOR SALE.—A singularly beautiful FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in one of the most lovely parts of the Home Counties, including a GENUINE OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE, approached by 300 yards' carriage drive with lodge: hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 9 bedrooms, bathrooms; *acetylene gas*; finely timbered grounds, lawns for tennis and croquet, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and meadow, in all 16 acres; more land up to 240 acres can be had.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.

SURREY. 3 MILES FROM GUILDFORD.

1,700 ACRES FIRST-CLASS PHEASANT AND PARTRIDGE SHOOTING to be LET from February next by the year; about 200 acres covert. Moderate Rent.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

IMPORTANT SUSSEX ESTATE.

A PICKED POSITION.—To be SOLD, a remarkably fine RESIDENCE of very active character, set in the midst of lovely grounds, parklands, and grounds of about 50 acres, and commanding a vast panorama of unsurpassed views. The House contains: lounge hall, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, and very complete offices; stabling, garage, cottages, and every possible adjunct of a property of distinction; within easy distance of a main line station, whence London can be reached in less than an hour.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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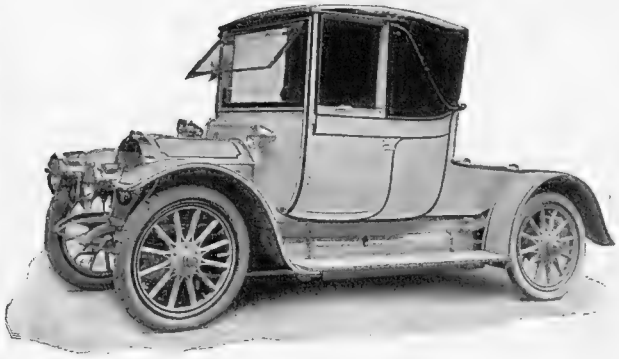

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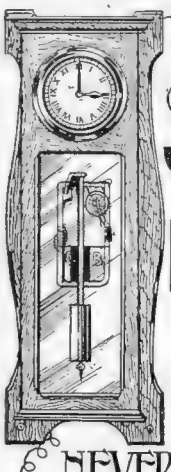

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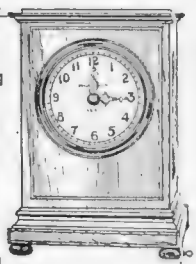

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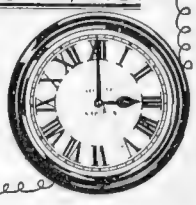

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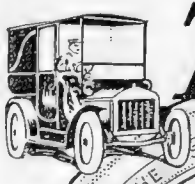

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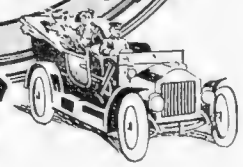

RIMS

SPENCER MOULTON MOTTOES FOR MOTORISTS:

"See that your Front Wheels are Parallel."

Kingdom. The R.A.C. Associates are a federation of local clubs. On the other hand, the M.U. is not, I think we may fairly say, a strong body. There is less necessity for its separate existence than can be found for either the A.A. or the R.A.C. Its natural ally is undoubtedly the A.A. Both cover practically the same ground to-day. It should not, therefore, be very difficult to find the way to fusion. It means that, or the inglorious stagnation of one. At present the position is calculated to make angels weep. Sometimes I feel a little tearful myself. Because I believe (and hope the other angels are with me) that there are many very important things which may only be done adequately by combination. The best idea is one national organisation. The next best is two—a governing body and a working body. (The distinction is subtle.) A half loaf being better than no bread, we must have it. The M.U. desires amalgamation. Good indeed. It has declined the offer of the R.A.C. The A.A. only is left. There is a motto hanging over my desk which I read when I feel I should like a rest. It runs, "Do it now." I venture to commend the sentiment to the A.A. and the M.U. This also, "Without organisation we are a mob."

Miscellanea

When a factory is fully equipped with machinery equal to an output of 100 cars, 75 motor-cycles, and 1,300 bicycles a week, it means, in the first place, one of the largest works in the industry of this country, and in the second (perhaps) a fine organisation. The second is only capable of establishment by investigation. In accepting the invitation of Messrs. Humbers, Ltd., to inspect their premises and their system at Coventry, I had it in my mind to test my second deduction, and, in point of fact, did so. This is not the time nor place to set down detailed impressions of that really wonderful factory. The testing shops alone, certainly the most complete and best-fitted of any of my fairly extensive acquaintance, would call for an article. The bench test of an engine is, of course, highly important, and it is a first essential that the machinery of pressure and record should be adequate and accurate. In the Humber case it is splendidly both.

The dominant impression throughout the works is the same—thorough. If any defective part ever escapes it is not for lack either of the mechanical check or the human supervisional system. Humbers undoubtedly have a model factory and a high organisation. I very definitely established my second deduction.

For the rest, the 1911 cars will take their place comfortably with the best the British industry can offer in similar power and price. There is a delightfully well-balanced little "twelve" four-cylinder, destined, I imagine, to be one of the cars of greatest demand during next season. It makes up into a handsome little two-seater tour-about, and is finished in a manner that will attract my lady (who looks, like man, at the outward appearances) on sight. For the engineer, who looks below the veneer, it will have an equally strong appeal. A further reference to other models will appear in our Show issues.

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Despite the enormous progress to be noted in every sphere of sporting activity at the 'Varsities, no "Blue" will ever rank higher than the rowing "Blue"—the oldest of them all; and by far the most difficult to obtain, since the average standard of merit is, generally speaking, higher, perhaps, than in any other sport. This year, owing to the numerically small number of Old Blues, there will be a larger opportunity for aspirants to a seat in the 'Varsity boats. Soon—very soon—the great body of "possibles" will be reduced within reasonable limits, for within a week or two the Trial Eights will be got together, and from their number will be filled next term the vacancies in the representative crews. Competition for these Trials caps—a distinction second only to the coveted Blue—is of the keenest. Visitors to Isis or Cam on any afternoon at the present time will find plenty to interest them in the usual tubbing of the Freshmen, whose instruction in the gig-pair is often the unconscious cause of considerable amusement. Few, however, attain the distinction of Trial Eightsmen in their first year, unless, of course, they go up with a reputation established on the waters of their Public Schools. Etonians and Radleians comprise the majority of these.

Forewords on the Fours at Oxford

But, though the Trial Eights are the centre of interest this term, activity on the river is not by any means confined to these contests. At Oxford the University Fours, and at Cambridge the Coxswainless Fours and the Colquhoun Sculls, absorb considerable attention, for they are the earliest competitions to be decided. Magdalen (the holders), New College, Christ Church, Balliol, and Trinity, at least, will go to the post in the former contest, but it is scarcely likely that the entry will reach last year's total of fifteen. At the moment of writing nothing can usefully be said as to the chances of the different crews, but Magdalen should once again be a very powerful combination and difficult to beat. This College, which has had so meteoric a career on the river, having, with last year's great victory in the Grand, now won practically every rowing distinction, is likely again to figure very prominently, for of their 1909 Henley crew they still have available, A. S. Garton (the 'Varsity secretary), P. Fleming, M. Cudmore, E. Millington-Drake, L. Wormald, and R. Burgess. New College retains the services of R. C. Bourne (the 'Varsity President), Sir W. Parker, G. S. Johnston, C. W. Bickmore, and W. G. Fison; whilst Christ Church have C. A. Gladstone, E. F. Loyd, and G. D. Pidgeon.

—And at Cambridge

At Cambridge, First Trinity, who last year won the Fours by the narrowest possible margin after a great struggle with "Hall," have three of their 1909 crew again available in J. B. Rosher (the 'Varsity President), F. E. Hellyer, and A. S. Lloyd, and they should make a bold bid for the honour, if they do not actually triumph, on this occasion also. "Hall," however, should be very strong rivals, for they are represented by that fine sporting crew, S. Swan, R. S. Adams, C. M. Stuart, and W. J. Davy, which won the Visitors' and Wyfold's at Henley last July. "Third" have R. W. M. Arbuthnot (the 'Varsity Secretary) and R. le Blanc Smith. Pembroke are a good crew, and possess the great advantage of being longer together than any other combination, having spent some time on Henley waters previous to the opening of term. These early contests are likely to produce some stirring struggles.

R. C. R.

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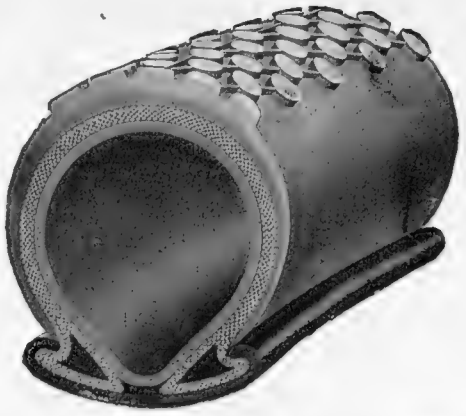

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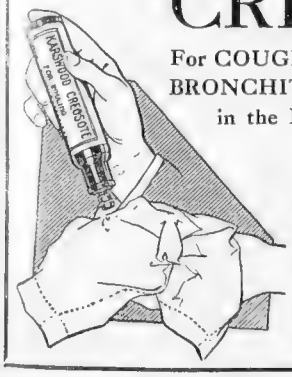

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Mysterious Failures

Though garden failures are sometimes unavoidable, it must be admitted that they are often due to ignorance or carelessness. I recently saw a large bed of onions in a deplorable condition, and was told by the head gardener it was the same every year. Nothing else could have been expected. The bulbs were left to decay in the ground, and as the wind carried the disease germs all over the garden it was useless to change the position of the bed—the germs were already there, waiting for the young plants to grow. The risk of infection for ourselves is rather better understood than it used to be, but the risk of infection for our plants is ignored. So diseased hollyhocks are allowed to grow and infect others, diseased lilies are bought and planted, and few gardens are without their centres from which fungoid germs are distributed far and wide. In a few exceptionally serious cases, such as the American mildew of gooseberries, the Board of Agriculture exacts a penalty if an immediate declaration is not made, but as a rule little or nothing is done to check the spread of disease. Yet one instance will show how important the matter is. In a large market-garden many houses were devoted to tomatoes. Suddenly and mysteriously a disease, caused by minute organisms called eatworms, broke out among them, and grew so bad that their cultivation had to be abandoned, the loss to the proprietor being great. It was eventually found that they must have been introduced on an empty basket, which came from an infected source. They are so small that they may be readily carried on the boots, the spade, or even the clothes or hands, from one part of the grounds to another. Where they are suspected the soil should be sterilised at once.

Greenhouse Failures

Of course, in the greenhouse failures are still more common than in the garden outside—for one reason, because they are grown there under unnatural conditions ; and for another, because they are completely at the mercy of their owner. If they are starved they cannot in pots obtain any additional supplies for themselves ; if they are surfeited they cannot escape from the excess of food around them. To errors in feeding, together with want of fresh air, are due most of their troubles, as they bring about the weakened condition which invites disease. There are, however, other failures which are sometimes very puzzling. One instance is given in the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal. The fruit and foliage of vines and peaches grown under glass being badly scorched, "it was found that the chimney was at the end of these damaged houses, and its top almost level with the ridge, and whenever there was a south-south-west wind the fumes were blown right in. In this case the evil was aggravated by the position of the chimney, as the weather was always warmer and ventilation necessary when the wind was in the directions mentioned." A complete cure was effected by raising the chimney twenty feet. H. C. DAVIDSON.

The Menu : SOME SIMPLE AND HOMELY DISHES

Vegetarian Green Pea Soup

Soak overnight one pint of dried green peas, and having drained them, put them in a saucepan with a pint and a half of boiling water and one onion and one carrot very finely shredded. When the peas are tender, pass them and the vegetables all through a fine sieve, put all back into the liquor in the saucepan, adding ½oz. of butter, and let all come to the boil. Make ½oz. of cornflour into a smooth paste with cold water, add this to the purée, stir while all comes to the boil, and cook for five minutes. Season with pepper and salt, and serve the soup with dice of fried bread.

Steamed Fish Pudding

Boil and mash four good-sized potatoes. Shred finely ½lb. of cold fish (cod, haddock, or hake), add 1oz. of butter, and mix well together with the potatoes and half a gill of milk. Beat up an egg and stir in. Put the mixture into a greased basin, steam for one hour, turn out and serve very hot with cheese sauce made as follows : Melt 1oz. of butter, and blend with it 1oz. of flour, stir in half a pint of milk, stir the sauce till it boils, then add 1oz. of grated cheese, a little salt and white pepper, stir well till it is thick and creamy, and pour over and round the fish mould.

Stewed Beef Kidney

Cut 3oz. of rather fat bacon into small pieces. Wash and slice 1lb. of ox kidney. Put it into a saucepan with the bacon and two small onions cut up quite finely. Add half a pint of water or stock, and simmer gently for about two hours. Now melt 1oz. of butter in another saucepan, stir in 1oz. of flour, and blend well together ; add some of the gravy from the kidney, let it thicken, and then stir it in with the kidney, add a few drops of Parisian essence, garnish with sippets of fried bread, and serve.

A Savoury Mould

This is a nice dish, which can be made of cooked meat. Chop ½lb. of meat finely (beef or mutton), or, better still, put it through a mincing-machine, add to it a ¼lb. of breadcrumbs, 1oz. of butter or dripping, one dessert-spoonful each of chopped parsley and onion, a pinch of allspice, pepper and salt, moisten all with a table-spoonful of gravy, and stir in a well-beaten egg. Grease a mould, fill with the mixture, and bake for one hour. Turn out on a hot dish. Scatter breadcrumbs and parsley over, and pour round some thick brown gravy. Garnish with tomatoes, which have been fried in a little butter.

Irish Stew

Wash and peel 2lb. of potatoes, cut them into thick slices, and peel and slice three onions, cut about 1lb. of the middle of a neck of mutton into small chops, put half the potatoes at the bottom of the saucepan, lay the meat and onions on them, sprinkle over some salt and black pepper, add half a pint of water, and lay the rest of the potatoes on the top ; keep the lid of the saucepan closely shut, and simmer gently from one and a half to two hours. Shake the saucepan occasionally to prevent the contents from burning.

A Winter Salad

Soak for a night in cold water a teacupful of haricot beans (butter beans are the best). In the morning put them in a saucepan, cover with cold water, and cook slowly until the beans are done, which will be in about two hours. Drain and put in a salad bowl. Dust over with chopped parsley ; garnish with beetroot cut into dice, hard-boiled egg cut into slices, a little endive, and chopped celery ; pour a good salad-dressing over. EMILIA.

A PRICELESS SECRET WRESTED FROM THE DARK AGES BY A WOMAN.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

THE CURSE OF CENTURIES IS NO MORE.

ONLY 5,000 WOMEN WILL BENEFIT FREE.

The latest sensation to startle the world of science is the discovery, by an eminent scientist, of the magic secret for positively removing superfluous hair. So far as we know, this is the only plan since the dark ages that will actually remove superfluous hair, permanently, painlessly, and with perfect safety. The fact that the great secret has at last been unearthed will surely cause a sigh of relief from the women of every land who are burdened with this affliction. That it will mean a wonderful transformation in the appearance of thousands of women is absolutely certain, for what woman is there who does not wish that the unsightly growth of tiny hairs was permanently removed from her skin? Countless women are daily allowing the natural beauty of their face, neck, and arms to be marred by superfluous hair, simply because they dare not run the risk of injury to their skin by using the various advertised remedies for removal. Now that the desired result can be accomplished without any fear of danger, it will put an end to the sale of the many worthless pastes, powders, electrical appliances, etc., which have sprung up everywhere, simply because the true means for permanently removing superfluous hair was, until now, unknown. Every woman who is afflicted with superfluous hair realises that this is the most distressing of all disfigurements to the appearance, because it not only brings her unhappiness, but it causes others to shrink from her presence. Being a thorough believer in the greatest good for the greatest number, the scientist who solved the great mystery has insisted that a limited quantity of the complete literature describing this mysterious secret which has been wrested from the past be distributed among the afflicted women of every land, absolutely free. Only 5,000 copies have been allotted to the United Kingdom, and the distribution has been placed in charge of the Roman Solvene Laboratory, Dept. 412 F, 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., who have signed an agreement to send out this number without any charge to the first persons who write. Therefore we believe the women readers of THE BYSTANDER are especially fortunate in having such an opportunity, even for so short a time, and we advise them to write immediately.

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WRIGHT'S

THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE

COAL TAR SOAP.

4d. per Tablet.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

ONE almost seemed to hear the universal sigh of relief that went up when the first day broke cold enough to warrant furs. The women who possessed them literally leapt into their seal coats, or hastily donned some great stole and muff.

La Mode is merciless. Having to some extent rid ourselves of the cumbersomely large *chapeau* that refused to be got through a taxicab door other than sideways, we are now face to face with equally huge muffs. Paris, of course, is crazed over bear, which is built up into the round, solid granny muff of the pre-Victorian hour.

Bear is a showy fur, and under latter-day treatment is rendered incredibly light. But at the best its weight is appreciable, and it is also rather stubborn, so there will be no crumpling of these muffs up in one hand, as is possible with those arranged flat and hung loosely over a foundation. We have yet to see, and the waiting will not be long, how the fashionable aspirant, who is at the same time of busy, energetic temperament, is going to cope with these irrepressible Brobdingnagian muffs.

Similarly with stoles, which are gradually resolving themselves into *pèlerines*. In many instances as cumbersome as a cloak or coat, these are, nevertheless, regarded as fitments to be worn in a *négligée* manner. So the *vraie élégante* has her work cut out before her this winter where the manipulation of her furs are concerned.

Is there a Size Limit to Feet?

This remark was called forth after a visit of a humorous soul to one of the recent dress displays. Long, narrow feet are certainly *de rigueur*, and with the present prevailing temptation to exaggerate everything one may justifiably pause over the above query. Shoes are essentially a serious matter now, and the coloured *suède* top-boots an assured winter success. The contrast of the patent leather golosh gives prominence to the elongated appearance of the foot from the base of the instep, and this, from the wearer's point of view, is considerably intensified. Glancing downwards, one's foot seems to be at least a yard in length, an optical delusion, of course, which the mind really well-balanced on the importance of a correct personal appearance would not allow to cause a moment's discomfort. It is really quite as necessary to adjust the mind as the body to interpret *La Mode* to perfection.

A Beautiful Evening Toilette

Described on this page by Mrs. Jack May and sketched at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, by Dorothy Millar

Porcelain Bead Embroidery on Evening Frocks

When our great-grandmothers worked with painstaking precision their samplers and reticules with tiny porcelain beads one wonders if they had any prescience of the account to which this *broderie* would be turned to-day. At Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, they are utilising it in the most effective fashion on evening tunics and slips of *ninon*. In the case of a La France *bleu ninon*, worn over a soft, clinging underdress of satin the same colour, the *broderie* was executed in white porcelain beads. The contrast, of course, was emphatic, but quite artistic, the front of the *ninon* tunic veiling a panel of white lace. The slips fashioned after this manner are delightful, and so moderately priced, just the thing for helping to wear out a last year's silk or satin gown.

A very beautiful evening toilette at Regent Street has been sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. The under-dress of this supremely original model is of black satine meteor, and the tunic of cobalt-blue *ninon*. The latter crosses in front just below the waist, and is drawn down into a point at either side, weighted with a *dimanté* embroidery on black net and long pearl, jet and crystal bead fringe. The corsage, which has quite the old-world stomacher appearance, is entirely of this exquisite embroidery, which flashes a hundred different lights as the wearer moves, and takes an upward line towards the back over a folded *ceinture* of black satin ribbon.

Inexpensive Dance Dresses

The Regent Street house of Peter Robinson, moreover, is making a feature of inexpensive dance dresses to meet the exigencies of the débutante's moderate allowance. These are chiefly of soft satin veiled in *ninon*, one noticeably *chic* confection being arranged with the favourite Poret

Tooth Insurance.

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Fashion still continues to demand a slim silhouette for the present Season.

The Corset illustrated is the most advanced Paris style, and produces the graceful and slender figure that is now the vogue.

I.C 'Delphine'

White and Sky Striped Mercerised Coutil .. **29/6**

Two similar models—not quite so deep in the back—are the **"Jeunette"** *and the* **"Elfarita,"** *the latter also being rather lower in the bust.*

Corsets sent on approval.

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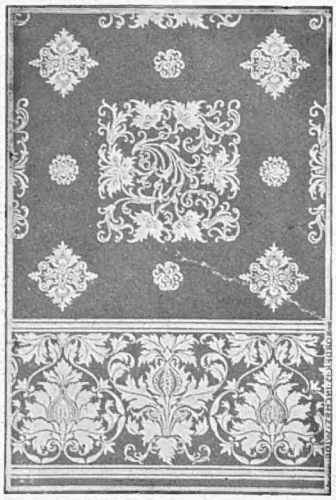

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188, Regent St.

classical tunic of *ninon* in some modish *nuance* hemmed with a deep fold of black chiffon, set on with a serried line of small *dimanté*, the artistically draped corsage being similarly outlined. Approximately, such frocks come out at 5½ gns., or thereabouts, and represent one of the most spirited and successful efforts ever made to ally moderate prices with the very latest elegancies. Another admirable production under similar auspices is a black chiffon velveteen, a broad strap of *dimanté* and jet embroidery being carried right across one side of the *décolletage*, and practically forming one side of the corsage, the other of which is all soft draperies of black tulle over white. The price of this gown is 6 gns., and, as all will readily admit when they see it at Regent Street, is very remarkable value.

The Shirt That Never Fails

There is, perhaps, nothing more delusive in the whole sartorial world than the cut of a tailor-made shirt. In the hand, on a stand, and even the first time of wearing, the defects are probably undetected. But they will out, rest assured, and there are few things more poverty-stricken in suggestion than an ill-fitting shirt, nor is there anything more easy to obtain.

Anyway, the risk is never worth taking, so long as Messrs. Shoolbred contrive to specialise in those properly constructed shirts of theirs, which are cut and dealt with entirely by men tailors. A further advantage lies in the fact that only superfine materials, approved by fastidious menkind, are used in their construction. Shoddy is an unknown quantity in these realms, exquisite qualities of Indian and gauze cashmere, Ceylon flannel, Shoolbred's speciality, "Queen's Wear," etc., vying in favour with a long range of suitable silks.

The tailor-made shirt of the season as dictated by Tottenham House is pictorially presented to you fashioned of English China silk, a slightly fancy variety, with a tiny woven spot, and striped at wide intervals with two fine lines of pale blue. The fact that silk invariably commands a price has given even the enterprising head of this department himself to wonder at the rapidly increasing demand for this particular shirt expression. For example, the price of the illustrated shirt is *27s. 6d.*, but the Elswick-spun silk comes out at *17s. 6d.*, and there is a lighter quality China silk at the same price, really wonderful value.

As can be well understood, Messrs. Shoolbred, with their immense yearly output of ladies' tailor-made shirts, are able to cut their prices very fine, the profit lying in the quantity sold. The department is quite remarkably well organised, as well it may be, since orders continue to pour in from all quarters of the globe. To the punctilious American woman this perfectly constructed shirt-waist, as she calls it, is a very joy. Long, indeed, may it and Messrs. Shoolbred live and prosper.

A Tailor-made Shirt

(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

The Nestlé Permanent Waving

In these days of blatant advertisement it is refreshing enough to meet such as Mr. Nestlé, who is quietly, unostentatiously, but surely, rising to fame as the inventor and patentee of the permanent hair-waving. The question of cost, which has been, perhaps, the most serious deterrent to the rapid advance of this discovery, is at last being viewed rationally, and Mr. Nestlé has now, curiously enough, customers to whom he has positively to refuse treatment. Three, or, at the most four, treatments a year amply suffice, and if the full fee is paid of 5 gns., when the head is waved all round, this, at the highest computation, would merely amount to 20 gns. for the year, a sum many women have hitherto cheerfully disbursed for three months' ordinary waving.

On the other hand, Mr. Nestlé would not have the misapprehension held for a moment that his treatment produces *ondulés*; he is prepared to stand or fall on producing only naturally waving hair, which is achieved on a system worked up on a thoroughly scientific basis. There is no chicanery of any sort in connection with the Nestlé waving, which, it is particularly interesting to learn, is now patented in twenty-two countries, including France, America, and British Columbia. Everyone, however, has to come to Mr. Nestlé to be initiated, who, as I have said, quietly and without any untoward fuss, pursues a course of ever-increasing success at 245, Oxford Street. These *salons* are situated just over the Bakerloo Tube Station.

The New Plumage and Persian Ribbon

Very few probably suspect what a valuable asset ribbons are just now in the modistic curriculum. Across the front of a veiled corsage, for instance, the eye will catch gleams of what appears to be some rare bit of embroidery, whereas it is nothing more than a piece of broad ribbon, woven in Persian colourings, interwoven with a fine metal thread. Again, the front of a coat will be cut away to show a vest fashioned entirely of these artistically toned ribbons, frequently described by the enterprising saleswoman or man as a *gilet* of Oriental embroidery. As an example of ingenious latter-day weaving, these beautiful Persian ribbons have never been surpassed. They can be had in all widths, and are proving an invaluable adjunct in the realms of millinery.

Then there is the plumage ribbon. This, as the name implies, is woven to represent the soft plumage of a bird, and, being chiefly offered in artistically blended blues, greens, reds, and browns, enhances the suggestion. While over all there is the delicate bloom that is Nature's own replica. Manœuvred into the similitude of wings and quills, one has need to look twice ere the fact is realised that the ribbon-loom is wholly responsible for the most pardonable and delightful illusion.

Portrait of a Little Girl
brought up on
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The Editor's Box

Oxo and Lemco: Highest Awards at the Brussels Exhibition

This great English Company, the first in the world to undertake the manufacture of concentrated beef, has been wonderfully successful in the international competition at the Brussels Exhibition. Oxo and Lemco emerge with the highest possible awards—namely, three Grands Prix. Commencing in a very small way indeed, utilising only about ten cattle per week, the products of the Oxo and Lemco Company have become so popular in every civilised country that 3,000 cattle per day are frequently required to cope with the demand. It is far and away the biggest English Company in the world devoted to the manufacture of concentrated beef foods. It possesses enormous cattle farms, and is absolutely independent of outside sources of supply for raw material.

The Order of the Golden Age

Many others have given their names as patrons of the grand evening concert to be held by the "Order of the Golden Age" at the Royal Albert Hall on October 29, of which the Princess Christian has become a patroness. Among these are Princess Hohenlohe Langenburg, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess de Lousada, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Downshire, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and Countess Roberts, the Right Hon. Lord Arthur Hill. The Society is an entirely philanthropic one, and devotes all its energies to the reduction of human and sub-human suffering. Many promising artists have given their services, including Madame Ada Crossley, Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Edith Kirkwood, Mr. Iver McKay, the Russian Balalaika Quartett, and many others.

Silent Electric Clocks

To have every clock in the house (and the turret dial over the stables also) showing exactly the same time, and to be, moreover, spared the trouble of ever winding up one's clocks, may appear too much to expect in a large country house; but the Silent Electric Clock Company, of 192, Goswell Road, E.C., have solved the difficulty. The old-fashioned and unreliable "click and ratchet" mechanisms of the electric clock systems of the past have now been entirely superseded by the "silent dial mechanism." Not only thoroughly reliable (it has no old-fashioned steel claws "picking up one tooth at a time"—or sometimes two by mistake!), this dial mechanism is also silent in action, and will last for very many years without showing a trace of wear and tear. "Broomhill," Tunbridge Wells, the country seat of Sir David Salomons, Bart., contains an installation of between forty and fifty electric clocks—all controlled by one small "master"—supplied by the Silent Electric Clock Company. This firm has also just been given the contract to supply clocks for the Queen's Highcliffe Hotel, Cliftonville, where very large additions are being made this winter.

Felixstowe

This year the clerk of the weather has certainly issued a propitious mandate as regards our English autumn. It may, therefore, be opportune to direct attention to the many attractions of Felixstowe, a select and fashionable watering-place, which, though on the East Coast, faces full south. Felixstowe is strongly recommended by the medical profession as one of the best health resorts for a "rest cure" on account of its sunny, dry, and invigorating climate. The "Felix" is really one of the most beautiful English hotels, and with its extensive croquet lawns and picturesque gardens sloping to the shore, is always very attractive. It affords special and salutary advantages to the invalid and quasi-invalid. The culinary arrangements are excellent in every respect, and moderate *en pension* terms can be arranged.

An Acknowledgment

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See Medical Times, June 26, 1909.

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